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DREAMS AND EDUCATION

DREAMS AND EDUCATION

BY

J. C. HILL, M.Sc.



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“The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces.”

“The truth is that we can never get outside ourselves. That is one of our greatest misfortunes. We are shut up in our own personality as if in a perpetual prison.”—ANATOLE FRANCE, *On Life and Letters*.

DREAMS AND EDUCATION

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

FREUD is sometimes spoken of by psycho-analysts as "The Darwin of the mind." The writer of this book is not a practising psycho-analyst; he has little experience of abnormal human beings, and on some of Freud's work he is not competent to express an opinion. But he has applied Freud's main hypotheses to the study of normal human conduct, and the results have been so illuminating, that he has no hesitation in subscribing to the view that Freud's work is the greatest individual contribution that has ever been made to psychology, and a contribution with which parents and teachers should be acquainted at once.

Freud's work is scientific work, and it will be as well if we review at the beginning what we mean by scientific work.

When we say that we have studied any facts by the Scientific Method, we mean simply that we have studied them by the following four steps:

1. The facts are collected.
2. The facts are arranged.
3. A hypothesis is put forward to account for the facts.

4. This hypothesis is used to make predictions.

When the predictions come true, the hypothesis is a good one. When the predictions are frequently wrong, or when facts are discovered which will not fit into the hypothesis, it is considered unsatisfactory and a better one is sought. But a useful hypothesis is never thrown over until a better one is found. In astronomy, Tycho Brahé collected and arranged the facts about the movements of the planets, Kepler put forward the hypotheses which accounted for the facts, and our astronomers to-day use these hypotheses to predict tides and eclipses. As their predictions are so uniformly correct, these hypotheses are known as *Laws*. Scientific Laws are only unusually good hypotheses.

Simple examples of the Scientific Method are given in many of the detective stories. Let us consider an example.

A man is found murdered. A neighbour says she saw a man with a wicked-looking face examining the house on the previous day, and she feels sure that he was the murderer. She may be right. But she has not arrived at the conclusion by the Scientific Method. The famous detective arrives. The first point to notice is that when he begins his investigation he has no opinion on the case. He begins always in the same way : The facts are collected : There are signs of a struggle, and strange foot-marks ; a pair of pince-nez glasses lie broken on the floor ; the lenses are strongly convex ; the murdered man did not wear glasses. There is a bed-ridden old man in the house ; the books in one of the sections of his bookcase are disarranged ; he had heard no unusual sounds ; his hearing is normally quite good ; the maid comments upon the good breakfast which he ate. . . . All the facts which appear in any way relevant are noted.

The facts are then arranged, and a hypothesis is put

forward to account for them : The detective assumes, for example, that the man was murdered by some one who is now hiding behind the disarranged books in the invalid's room. The signs of a struggle and strange footmarks would fit into this hypothesis, and it would account for the difficulty of how one who needed such thick glasses could see to escape without them. It would explain the disarranged books, the improved appetite, the dullness of hearing.

The detective now proceeds to the fourth step. He uses the hypothesis to make a prediction : If the murderer is being fed by the invalid, the improvement in the latter's appetite will probably continue. The detective makes inquiries and finds this to be the case. He makes another prediction : Some one is likely to cross the space between the invalid's bed and the disarranged books in order to get the food. The detective upsets an ash tray over the intervening space. He calls again after the next good meal and finds a footprint on the ash. It is very similar to the strange footmark where the murdered man lay . . . and so the investigation proceeds. The greater the number of facts which the hypothesis explains, and the greater the number of successful predictions made, the more firmly established the hypothesis becomes.

Let us assume now, that after much laborious work of this kind the detective has satisfied himself of the very high degree of probability of his hypothesis, and that some one is arrested, some one other than the man whom the neighbour suspected. Suppose that the good lady button-holed the detective and wanted to argue with him about who committed the murder, we can imagine that she would not be listened to very seriously. And while it is desirable to remember that the good lady may nevertheless be right and the detective wrong, it is important to realize that those who work on a problem

by the Scientific Method have not time to argue with people who depend on their intuitive judgment or past experience.

It was by these four steps that Darwin arrived at the Theory of Evolution. He collected the facts, he arranged the facts, he assumed a hypothesis which would account for the facts, and he used that hypothesis to make predictions. As his predictions were so uniformly correct, he assumed that the hypothesis was sound and published it with the evidence. All the *eloquence* that was directed against it had no effect. However disturbing the hypothesis was, honest men were compelled to accept it.

We see now that it is quite possible to have a new Scientific Psychology if the facts we collect form a new group. This is exactly what has happened. When Freud is studying the mental processes of a human being, the facts he collects are the subject's dreams, the jokes he laughs at, his symptomatic acts, slips of the tongue and so on. Before Freud's time, psychologists had considered such facts to be too trivial to spend time on. The discovery of their importance for psychology was an accident—a by-product of a piece of medical research, the main object of which was the cure of hysteria. Freud discovered how to read the inmost thoughts of his hysterical patients from their dreams, their laughter, their mistakes in speech, their little mannerisms of various kinds; and then found to his surprise that he could read the inmost thoughts of *anyone* from the same details. He found he was not only a good reader of character in the ordinary sense, but that his safest clue to one's character—the knowledge of one's dreams—had never been used before in a rational way by students of human conduct.

In one of his stories, Conan Doyle gives the following example of how thoughts can be read from details of

conduct. The example is rather artificial, but will serve as an illustration :

“Do you mean to say that you read my train of thoughts from my features ?”

“Your features, and especially your eyes. Perhaps you cannot yourself recall how your reverie commenced ?”

“No, I cannot.”

“Then I will tell you. After throwing down your paper, which was the action which drew my attention to you, you sat for half a minute with a vacant expression. Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly-framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. But it did not lead very far. Your eyes turned across to the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your books. You then glanced up at the wall, and of course your meaning was obvious. You were thinking that if the portrait were framed, it would just cover that bare space and correspond with Gordon’s picture over there.”

“You have followed me wonderfully !” I exclaimed.

“So far I could have hardly have gone astray. But now your thoughts went back to Beecher, and you looked hard across as if you were studying the character in his features. Then your eyes ceased to pucker, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. You were recalling the incidents of Beecher’s career. I was well aware that you could not do this without thinking of the mission which he undertook on behalf of the North at the time of the Civil War, for I remember you expressing your passionate indignation at the way in which he was received by the more turbulent of our people. You felt so strongly about it, that I knew you could not think of Beecher without thinking of that also. When a moment later I saw your eyes wander away from the picture, I suspected that your mind had now turned to the Civil War, and when I observed that your lips set, your eyes sparkled, and your hands clenched, I was positive that you were indeed thinking of

the gallantry which was shown by both sides in that desperate struggle. But then, again, your face grew sadder ; you shook your head. You were dwelling upon the sadness and horror and useless waste of life. Your hand stole towards your old wound and a smile quivered on your lips, which showed me that the ridiculous side of this method of settling international questions had forced itself upon your mind. At this point I agreed with you that it was preposterous, and was glad to find that all my deductions had been correct."

All of us read these signs to a greater or less extent and form more or less reliable judgments on them. A girl in a tram-car will know that she has aroused interest in the man opposite her from a few signs that are too subtle to describe. Every one knows whether an acquaintance actually did not notice one, or pretended not to notice one. Now psycho-analysts have not only classified these elusive details under scientific hypotheses, but have introduced such remarkable refinements into this method of studying the human mind that the inferences drawn seem uncanny to the person who has no experience of the work. Not only this, but the new knowledge has thrown light on so many diverse subjects that it marks a step in scientific achievement which can only be compared with the Theory of Evolution.

These are great claims to make for the New Psychology, and of course they have to be proved. Freud and his disciples have tried to prove them and have been met in many quarters with derision. But since several English and American psychologists of high standing have investigated Freud's work and proclaimed the truth of at least a great part of it, the problem is receiving serious consideration from educated people. It is this more hopeful atmosphere which encourages the present writer to try to explain to parents and teachers some of the more important aspects of Freud's work.

The bitter opposition which his work has aroused will not surprise those who have studied the history of any of the sciences. It is almost a general rule that the great scientific discoveries have been opposed for years just as Freud's work has been opposed. There is a special difficulty, however, about accepting Freud's work: It unmasks humbug in our daily life. It shows up the skeletons in the cupboards, and proves that honesty is the best policy—Truly an uncomfortable discovery for most of us. But eloquent protests will not save us. If Freud has equipped others with the means to see through the cupboard doors, the sooner we examine his work, the better.

CHAPTER II

THE STUDY OF DREAMS

THE New Psychology is studied exactly as any other Science is studied, namely by reading about the work done by others and experimenting for oneself at every step. Without the practical work the study is useless : No man of any intelligence could accept the conclusions arrived at unless they were personally demonstrated to him. They are as startling as the discovery that table salt is a compound of a metal which burns in water, and the gas which killed five thousand British Troops at the Second Battle of Ypres.

Where then do we carry out the experimental work ? Wherever there are human minds : When playing with the children, when in the office or the workshop, when travelling in trains or buses, when gossiping in cafés. You say you have studied human nature there for the last twenty years ? Good. You are twenty years ahead of the beginner and have a mass of information against which you can test Freud's hypotheses. If they do not cover the facts which you have collected, the hypotheses are of no use to you. But give him a fair hearing. Even the cleverest people found Darwin's Theory rather difficult at first.

The advice which the old philosophers used to give to one who would study the human mind was, " Man, know thyself." It was realized that a man who does

not know himself has a biased outlook on everything. Motives are misjudged, incidents are distorted to suit his views, and he gives reasons for his own conduct which he often firmly believes to be correct, but which make others smile. We all know extreme cases, but believe ourselves to be different. Now it is essential for a study of the New Psychology that we should regard ourselves as just human, and should be prepared to find that we are as full of faults as our neighbours ; that we too misjudge motives, and misunderstand our own conduct. We shall soon realize the psychological truth of the remark : " There but for the grace of God, go I." There are great differences between human beings, but the similarities are so much greater, that a detail study of one body enables a medical student to understand much about all bodies, and a detail study of one mind enables a psychologist to know much about all minds.

The advice which Freud gives to those who would study the human mind is exactly the same as was given by the Greek Philosophers, but with this addition, that Freud gives one details how to know oneself : *If anyone were to ask me how to become a psycho-analyst, I should say by the study of his own dreams.* There is his formula. It never fails. But the task is difficult. The present writer gained no result from the study of his dreams for several weeks, and had he not in the meantime gained enthusiasm for the task from other sources, he would probably have discontinued the research altogether. The enthusiasm for the subject was aroused by the study of children's dreams and the dreams of his own friends, and as these may help others to understand the subject they will be used as illustrations.

Let us consider first of all the *day* dreams of children. A little girl is very fond of dolls and has not got one. What does she do ? She *imagines* she has one. It has to be fed, dressed and generally cared for as if it were

alive. If it is placed on a chair and some stupid person sits on the chair there will be floods of tears because the pretend doll is crushed. A boy of three who is interested in trains will make a train out of a tree, a chair, some biscuits or some empty beer bottles. "That's a pretty moon, daddy." "It is a pretty moon, John." "I made it." "Did you?" "Yes, I made it yesterday," is an example of the absurd claims which most normal children make at a certain period of development. A little boy who resented the attention which had been diverted from himself to his newly-arrived sister informed all visitors that she had gone away and wasn't coming back. The wish was father to the thought.

When the children grow older, the wishes change, but the *general form* of the day-dreaming remains the same. The boy imagines himself selected for the First Team, winning the race he is interested in, thrashing the bully whom he cannot face in reality, or capturing burglars and being hailed as a hero. At puberty he day-dreams about the girl who has interested him, sees her house on fire and himself rushing in to rescue her, or, if he prides himself on his swimming, diving dramatically to the rescue. Similarly the girl soon begins to day-dream of a handsome, brave, or wealthy suitor.

This point need not be laboured, for it is generally conceded by all who have looked into the question that much of our day-dreaming might be described as fulfilling in imagination what we wish for but have not achieved in reality.

Now let us consider night-dreams: The writer collected two hundred and forty night-dreams of children between two and sixteen years of age. About fifty per cent. of these dreams would be described by anyone as being of the same type as the day-dreams we have considered above. They formed the largest group. (Fear

dreams formed a large proportion. These will be considered later.)

The following are a few examples :

Boy aged two years and two months.

I leaned over my boy's bed to arrange the bed-clothes. He opened his eyes for a moment and shut them saying :

"On the motor tractor, daddy."

"What about the motor tractor, John ?" I asked.

"John on it with Os'ald and Buddy."

"Was John on the motor tractor ?"

"Yes."

"Was Oswald ?"

"Yes."

"And Buddy ?"

"Yes."

"And daddy ?"

"No."

"Was mummy ?"

"No."

"Just John and Oswald and Buddy ?"

"No, the man."

"What man ?"

"The man that makes it go."

"The driver ?"

"Yes."

"And where did you go ?"

"Out in the sand to dig." (Sound asleep.)

Oswald and Buddy were his playmates. A motor tractor kept in an adjacent garage was one of his greatest interests at this time, and going out in the sand to dig was another. He had once had a short ride on the motor tractor and had wanted one again but could not get it.

Several children between five and seven attending an Elementary School dreamed they had "lots of sweets," "were at a party," "got a penny from a kind lady," and so on. Two dreamed that "the school was

burned down," one that "the teacher was run over by a tram," and one that "the new baby was drowned in the bath." No analyses were made of these dreams, and no further information was available. We cannot assume that the last four dreams were wish-fulfilments, but most people will agree that it is not improbable.

The older boys dreamed chiefly of adventure: Some boys were renowned football players, some were great swimmers, one was assistant to a great detective. Some had discovered hidden treasures, some were fighting Indians. One boy of twelve dreamed that he and his chums had captured Guy Fawkes, "And the cry of London was, 'All hail, Alfred Spencer (his own name), James Gregg and the other strong men.' The next month we were made earls and lords, but *just I* was going to be anointed a lord."

These dreams are best described as being wish-fulfilments. But we have not *proved* they are. Let us consider them further: A girl of six dreams that the new baby is drowned in the bath. Let us go to the little girl and say, "Tell me about the new baby." Suppose she says something which amounts to this: "Mummy always has to nurse her and never plays with me now. I wish the doctor hadn't brought her at all." If the mother confirms this jealousy, we could then describe the dream as a wish-fulfilment, for children of this age have no scruples about wishing anyone dead who is a nuisance.

Suppose now we questioned the little girl who dreamed that the teacher was run over by a tram, and found that she disliked her teacher very much. We should have another example of the dream being a wish-fulfilment. Suppose the two children who dreamed that the school was burned down told us that they hated going to school, we should say that we have either a number of curious coincidences, or some kind of general

rule. If we tested a hundred dreams in this way and found that ninety per cent. were wish-fulfilments, coincidence would be ruled out.

Now that is exactly what Freud did, not with a hundred dreams, but with a thousand, and so was led to form his first hypothesis, that the dream generally represents the fulfilment of a wish. It turned out when he questioned his patients that not only were many dreams *obviously* wish-fulfilments, but that many other dreams were wish-fulfilments when one would never have suspected it from the dream itself. Thus Freud was led to look not only for the superficial meaning but for the *latent* meaning. The following dream will illustrate the point: *A lady dreamed that her husband was dismissed from his job.* If the husband were dismissed from his job, this lady would be in poverty at once. On the face of it this dream is not a wish-fulfilment. But when we learn that the husband is a sea-going engineer who gets home about four times a year, and that the wife is always lamenting his absence, we realize that apart from certain inconvenient social considerations, the dream will fit into the hypothesis very well.

Now we find that the wishes expressed in dreams usually ignore social considerations altogether. *I want it* is all that matters. The dream cares no more for other people's feelings or for future consequences than a healthy infant does.

Consider the case of a man whose promotion depends on someone above him dying. We would not blame the man if we knew he had day-dreams about his superior being knocked down by a taxi or dying of influenza. And if his chief were dangerously ill, we should not expect the man to hear with unmixed pleasure of a successful recovery. A subordinate in that position might dream one night that his chief had died. The dream would be a wish-fulfilment, but it would be unfair to say

that the subordinate "wished his chief were dead." In everyday life such a remark would imply personal dislike of the individual, which need not exist at all.

Let us consider a few more actual dreams :

A girl of eighteen dreamed that she was back at school and was doing brilliantly. All the teachers were very pleased with her.

The girl actually did very badly at school and this was a source of serious worry to her, as her elder sisters had attended the same school and done exceptionally well.

A woman who did all her own housework frequently dreamed in the morning that she was dressed and going about her work. She was always very surprised when she realized she was still in bed.

In the later months of pregnancy, women frequently dream they are running in races, playing tennis or engaging in some such active exercise.

Anyone interested in the subject soon collects scores of dreams of this type : Hungry people dreaming of food, the exile dreaming of home, dreams that the dear ones we have lost are with us again, and dreams in which the love-hunger hidden in so many hearts finds a satisfactory expression.

"It shall even be as when an hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth ; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty ; or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh ; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite."—*Isaiah* xxix. 8.

"Well—I know what it is to have a wanton mind o' my own, too ! If you on'y knew what I do dream sometimes o' nights quite against my wishes you'd say I had my struggles."—THOMAS HARDY, *Jude the Obscure*.

We now come to a much more difficult dream problem.

Freud found that the meaning of the dream was often expressed in symbols. The dream would take a form like the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The load of sin would be represented by a bundle on the back, the difficulties in the path by a steep slope which had to be climbed, and so on. And it is in the interpretation of these symbols that psycho-analysts seem to be most unscientific. The following dream is an example of this type. A preliminary statement is necessary. The lady had two chubby little girls. When the first child was expected, the lady had expressed a very strong wish that it should be a boy, and was disappointed. The second child was also a girl. When she had the dream she was expecting a third child soon.

She was in a boat with her husband. They were fishing, and had caught two fat little fish. She was pulling up a third fish—a long thin one. The scene changed. She was at her mother's house, and had to go out to get some fish for supper. Her sister said, "Don't get the kind of fish you got the last two times." The scene changed again. The lady was at the fish shop and was selecting a piece with the tail.

Consider the points in the dream :

1. She has already two fat ones, and is getting a thin one, i.e. one of the opposite kind.
2. Her sisters tell her not to get the kind she got the last two times.
3. She is selecting a piece with a tail.

If the fish symbolize her children, the whole dream becomes clear : The dream expresses a wish for a boy.

This is rather a striking example, but the reader will notice that we have only *guessed* what the symbols stand for.

Consider the following dream :

"Dreamt I was living in a huge iron pipe like the London Tube except that it was on the surface of the earth. The

people were very small indeed and lived in match boxes. Population tremendous. I was a great giant among them. . . . I longed to escape from this city of tubes.

"I was suddenly transported to Central Africa where the people were pygmies. . . . The land was very very sloppy and slippery and also was in the form of a hill with a steep incline. The more one climbed the hill the more one slipped backwards. The pygmies were able to move about quite normally. . . . The news of this wonderful part of Africa had prompted the Press Association to send out two representatives and these gentlemen were none other than two journalist colleagues of mine who were on rival newspapers when I was a journalist in civil life."

The man who dreamed this dream had great political ambitions. He had been much in demand as a public speaker, but at the time was in the Army—much against his will. The interpretation of the dream could again be guessed: The "huge iron pipe like the London tube" would symbolize the difficulties in achieving his ambition; so would the "sloppy and slippery land" which he could not climb. He is a giant among men, or a man among pygmies.

The dreamer himself considered the dream to be "a lot of nonsense." I therefore wanted to have some proof before I offered an interpretation to him, so I proceeded to carry out a short analysis as follows:

"Tell me what comes to your mind when I mention these words":

London Tube. "A prison," he replied, "I've often thought what a prison it is—wondered what I should do if I were stuck down there."

To escape. "I had planned to escape from the Army. I hated the restrictions." (Here details of the plan were related. Strong feeling was shown and great resentment was expressed about being ordered about.)

- Pygmies.* "I regard a lot of people as pygmies. I am above them. They are easily dominated by a man of character—toyed with."
(This with great feeling and vehemence.)
- The two rival newspaper reporters.* "My great desire was to make these two men report something of me. At last we had a big meeting at which I gave a speech on topical subjects. They were *compelled* to report me."

It will be noticed that if the man talks freely around the dream ideas, he gives us exactly the information we want in order to interpret the dream. Thus while we suspected that the *pygmies* referred to his fellow human beings, we are sure of it now. He has said so himself. When I explained the dream to him and showed how he had had his revenge on the two rival reporters by having them specially sent out to report on the land in which he was the greatest man, the dreamer was amazed.

The sequel to the interpretation of this dream was rather amusing. I had explained that the dream was usually a wish-fulfilment, and the man had evidently been much impressed. A week later he came to me to say that he had just been home for the week-end and his wife had told him that she dreamed she was walking along a quiet lane with the man next door! What did I make of that? I manfully stuck to the hypothesis, but reassured him with the following dream of my own:

(During the day I had received a notification of the marriage of a girl friend of mine in France.)

"Remarkably clear dream. I was at Mlle. Coffinier's in France as a guest at her wedding. Met Mlle. Coffinier and her husband. He was not an important person I remember, I was something of the leading light, the central figure. Saw the dining-room. It had been re-papered. I assumed for the wedding. We had a meal in the dining-room. Very

friendly company. Her mother was there. The visit was very like my last visit except that we had a very substantial meal this time."

I did not analyse the dream at the time I noted it, but the interpretation seemed to me to be quite clear: I could not go to France to offer her my congratulations, so I dreamed I was there—a good example of the simple wish-fulfilment dream.

Some time later I began an analysis. I wrote several pages of ideas that came to me from the dream ideas, and suddenly realized that my first hypothesis would not fit the facts I had written down. The position of the husband puzzled me now. He was running about like a minor waiter—a menial at the feast. And the persons at the head table were Mlle. Coffinier, her mother (a widow), and myself. From these and other facts which I had already written down the only hypothesis which seemed satisfactory was that I was the *Bridegroom*. And the dream is a wish-fulfilment. Therefore I wanted to marry the girl myself. But I am already married! Am I not happily married? I thought I was.

Fortunately I had read sufficient psycho-analytic work not to be alarmed at my bigamist intentions, and I went to my wife and said: "You remember that innocent dream of mine about Mlle. Coffinier? I've been analysing it and find I'm the bridegroom in the show!"

"I always knew you had a soft side for that girl," was her only comment.

By a careful analysis of a dream I had found out that a certain girl had made a greater impression on me than I was admitting even to myself. I learned nothing from the dream that my wife did not already know. She could have told me before. Why did she not? Because she probably knew that I should not have believed

it. I certainly should not. The circumstances of the case are these : During the War, we were moved back to a little village behind the firing-line. I wanted to improve my French conversation and got in touch with a teacher at the village school, and spent several hours in conversation with her alone. Partly out of respect for my wife and for my teacher and partly because of my position as an officer I kept the friendship on a business footing. I gave no excuse for gossip. I refused to notice the charm of my teacher and suppressed all personal interest in her. But I had not seen a pretty girl for months until I met this one, and the "inherited or innate psycho-physical disposition which determines its possessor to perceive, and to pay attention to, objects of a certain class," was too strong for me. I *was* interested in the girl, as a girl, whether I cared to admit it or not. I thought I could ignore it, but it expressed itself in a dream four years later. It had also expressed itself in several other ways of which I shall speak shortly.

Why did I not understand the dream at first ? For the same reason as I did not recognize my interest in the girl when I was with her. *I did not want to see the truth.* And I might have even juggled with the billeting arrangements to get back to that village again and still have been blind to the real attraction. But other people would not have been blind. If they had accused me of having more than a friendly interest in the girl, would I have quietly ignored them ? No, I should have protested vigorously. We shall see later that the vigorous protest gives the game away.

CHAPTER III

UNCONSCIOUS MENTAL PROCESSES

IF the reader will accept for the time being the interpretation of dreams given in the previous chapter, he will realize that we are compelled to assume that mental processes go on of which we are unaware. These have been called *Unconscious Mental Processes*. The term raises difficulties for the modern philosopher because he has always used the term "mental process" to mean something that went on in Consciousness; so that an "Unconscious Mental Process" meant "Unconscious Consciousness."

In the nineteenth century, physicists meant by *Light*, the waves which affected the retina; and the physicists investigated the reflection, refraction and polarization of the violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red rays. Heinrich Hertz made the discovery that there were in the beam, waves of a similar character which could not be seen. These waves underwent reflection, refraction and polarization just as the Light waves did. If in the absence of a suitable nomenclature Hertz had called these waves *Invisible Light* he would have been guilty of a misuse of terminology, but it would have been the easiest way for him to describe his discovery.

Let us overlook for the moment the logical difficulty. If the discoveries are important the term "mental process" can be defined anew.

It will help us to understand what is meant by Unconscious Mental Processes if we consider first a few Reflex Actions. It is well known that we do not voluntarily control all our actions. Breathing and digestion, for example, are carried on "automatically" as we say. When the eye is exposed to strong light, the pupil becomes smaller; when danger threatens the eye the lid closes suddenly; when something irritates the skin the hand scratches the place.

Over the contraction and dilation of the pupil we have no conscious control at all. Over the scratch reflex we *have* control. We can inhibit the tendency: that is we can consciously interfere with and stop a course of action which the body by motor set tends to take. If we are sound asleep or very ill, we cannot control the scratching movements. A frog will scratch at a drop of acid on the skin after the whole brain is removed. A man cannot live without his brain, but he can live after his spinal cord is severed—that is, after the communications with the brain are cut—and still scratch at an irritant on the skin. One soldier whose spinal cord was severed lived for five years.

These unusual conditions are all part of one general mystery—the mystery of *Life*. The mistake is often made of regarding *Life* as something manifested by the complete animal. But *the animal is made up of living cells*. And living cells act in such a remarkable way that no analogies with electric circuits or chemical reactions are of any value. We used to think, for example, that respiration was a simple question of transfusion of gases through a membrane. So it is under ordinary conditions; but when the supply of oxygen falls short, as it does at high altitudes, the *tissue* of the lungs takes the matter in hand and begins actively to secrete oxygen inwards.

The cells of which the body is composed *all* manifest

this mystery called Life. The body is therefore like a colony of ants or a swarm of bees, each unit doing the work it has been allotted in the course of Evolution. We might even describe the individual cells of the body and the individual ants and bees as being *Intelligent* were it not for the fact that they seem to us to be so helpless in the face of a situation for which they are not equipped.

The inevitableness of these reflex actions was made use of by the Hillmen in India to steal rifles from the British troops : The soldier, warned about the robbers, slept in the tent with his hand over his rifle. But the robber had only to tickle the ear of the soldier, and up went the hand to scratch the ear, and the soldier awakened later and found his rifle had gone. The Hillmen, by the same procedure, could even steal the blanket a soldier was sleeping on : By tickling or other stimulation they induced the sleeper to turn over on his other side ; the uncovered portion of the blanket was then carefully folded in close to the sleeper, and his other side was stimulated, when he rolled back again over the folded blanket. The soldier would thus waken up in the same position as when he went to sleep and find his blanket had been " pulled from under him."

We see then, that although we can exert conscious control over some of the reflex actions, *it takes effort to interfere with them.* The strain set up when we inhibit coughing, sneezing or scratching is sometimes almost intolerable, and the least relaxation on the part of what we might call our *Censor* allows the reflex action to run its course, and physical satisfaction results whatever the social consequences may be.

It used to be thought that apart from such reflex actions Man acted by Reason. At least many of the philosophers thought so. The man of the world did not. He spoke about falling in love, for example, as if

Reason had little to do with it. "The moth and the flame" was his analogy. That is to say he regarded the man in love as behaving in almost a reflex way. The lover himself thinks he is living through a unique experience. He makes complicated decisions about how he is going to behave, so complicated in fact that no one could follow his train of thought, and yet he thinks and behaves so exactly like any other human lover that his conduct can almost be predicted. The part which his Consciousness is playing in this matter is very like the part it plays in reflex action.

Consider now the reactions we make when we are frightened: A man sees a runaway horse coming towards him. He knows that if he is knocked down by the horse he may be killed. He does not want to be killed, so he steps hurriedly out of the way. Such a course of action would be described as due to Reason. But is this a description of what usually happens? Is his conduct not better described as follows: He saw and heard the galloping horse, he felt a thrill, he ran for safety, he *then* made up the reasons for his conduct. In other words the alarming sight and sound sent him running for safety in the same way as the bark of a dog sends a rabbit running for safety: The rabbit and the man are both *built that way*, as they are both built to scratch at an irritant on the skin.

Cannon's work on the bodily changes which take place in Fear, Hunger, Pain and Rage has been invaluable to the psychologist. Cannon proved that whenever Fear is aroused, the Supra-renal gland (a small ductless gland above the kidney) pours into the blood stream an excess supply of Adrenin. The Adrenin acts on various other glands and on the Central Nervous System and causes nervous impulses to be sent out which quicken the heart beat and respiration, stimulate the liver to pour more Blood Sugar into the blood stream, and inhibit the

activities of all glands concerned with such functions as digestion and procreation. The body organizes itself on a *War Footing*. All "civilian" activities are closed down and the released energy is concentrated in the big muscles required for Fight or Flight. In this condition one can fight or flee with quite exceptional vigour or speed. Not only this, but the composition of the blood is temporarily changed so that it congeals more quickly. This is a protective measure in case of injury.

The outward signs of fear are related to these more important visceral changes. The pallor of the face is due to the contraction of the surface blood-vessels. The blood is required elsewhere. The "goose flesh" is due to the small hairs "standing on end." This reaction is still useful to the cat and the porcupine.

The rigidity when one is "petrified with fear" has also a biological utility: It is the safest way to avoid recognition. The state is possibly caused by an excess of some secretion. The secretion may act as strychnine does on the blood, a small amount stimulating, and a larger amount causing a comatose condition. Immobility is the normal reaction which many lower animals make to fear.

Anger causes similar physiological changes, practically all of which can be shown to be *purposive*. The dog bares its teeth for the fight, and human beings can feel the same muscles twitching during anger, if indeed the lips are not actually drawn back.

We see now how it is possible for one to *act* a part so effectively. If an actor has to show *Fear* he need not study all the details which indicate fear, and copy them. All he has to do is to *feel fear*, and the details will show themselves automatically. If he wants to portray *Anger*, all he has to do is to *get angry*. Teachers with big classes occasionally pretend to be angry for purposes of

discipline. But if they pretend successfully for one minute they find they really are angry.

Let us consider now the following behaviour: My son aged two came behind me when I was squatting on the floor and unexpectedly slashed me across the cheek with a cane. I turned round rapidly to strike out, but suddenly stopped. Suppose I had not stopped, but had knocked the child over. Assume his mother had reproved me for striking an infant. I might have apologized. It is more likely however that I should have said: "I cannot allow him to do such things; he must be taught a lesson." I should have believed and tried to make others believe that my mental processes proceeded as follows: My son has struck me. He must not be allowed to do that. The best way to teach him not to do it is to smack him. The boy was therefore smacked. But that would have been the *excuse* for my conduct, not the *reason* for it. I should have hit the boy for the same reason as a dog would have bitten him if he had blown on its face—because both the dog and I have an innate tendency to retaliate on anyone who causes us annoyance or pain. The stimulus of the pain tended to make me strike out. The sight of the little one tended to make me protect, and my "Higher Faculties" had time to take control.

If the reader will analyse some such details of his own or his friends' conduct, he will soon realize that these instinctive tendencies are the mainspring of our behaviour; that man is a creature of instinct like any other animal, and that his "Higher Faculties" are kept busy steering these primitive instincts into channels which are socially acceptable.

McDougall defines an instinct as follows:

An instinct is "an inherited or innate psycho-physical disposition which determines its possessor to perceive, and to pay attention to, objects of a certain class, to experience

an emotional excitement of a particular quality upon perceiving such an object, and to act towards it in a particular manner, or, at least, to experience an impulse to such action."

Note the three parts :

(1) The innate tendency to pay attention to certain objects ; e.g. the broody hen to the nest of eggs, or to the hawk, the cat to the mouse, or to the dog, the squirrel to the nuts, the man to the woman.

(2) The experiencing of an emotional excitement of a particular quality following the perception ; e.g. Fear, Anger, Tender Emotion.

(3) The tendency to a certain course of action, e.g. Flight, Fight, Lovemaking.

To interfere with that sequence is to set up strain. It would almost appear as if the perception liberated some kind of " Psychic Energy " which naturally flowed along certain channels. If the natural outlet is dammed, the " Energy " overflows along other channels and may cause disaster. It was from a long study of the disasters that Freud came to understand the mechanism.

Let us consider now if our concept of Unconscious Mental Processes is useful in everyday life.

We have a wonderful gift called Intuition. Women use it more than men. A woman speaks to a man for ten seconds, and later expresses the opinion that he has not a good character. She cannot give a single reason for her opinion, and yet her judgment is much more often right than wrong. How did she arrive at the conclusion ? The process is quite clear if we assume Unconscious Mental Processes. For she may be reacting to certain little traits of behaviour which she is not conscious of. Someone who knows the man better may describe a furtive look in his eyes or a false humility, and she may confirm the description with enthusiasm. The impression had evidently been reacted to, although

the mental process had not at first been a conscious one.

The writer once returned to his study to fetch his son who had stayed behind. Some papers were burning in the fire and the boy said, "I burned those papers, daddy, was that what you wanted?" "That's all right, John," I said, "but don't burn any more." I assumed it was a newspaper which was burning and was only concerned with my son's safety. When my friend and I returned to the study after tea, he could not find a manuscript he had been reading, and had placed on the floor beside his chair when he went for tea. I suddenly realized that what I had seen in the fire was a bundle of quarto papers—the manuscript in fact. I was quite sure of it; and yet although the impression had been received I had not been conscious of it, or I should not have enjoyed my tea.

A man and woman were walking along the middle of a straight road. The woman was wheeling a pram. There was no one else on the road. Another man, a friend of the couple, came out of a house about a hundred yards away and walked on the pavement towards them. They recognized the friend immediately, but he gave no sign of recognition until he was within twenty yards, when he suddenly smiled and went over to his friends. "Isn't it remarkable," he said, "since I've left the house I've been thinking about you; thinking what a long time it is since I saw you." "Are you sure you didn't see us coming?" "No, I didn't see you, because I was quite surprised when I noticed you just now."

Now the probability is that the impression made on the retina had been correctly interpreted and had set in motion a train of thought about the couple—the mental process being quite unconscious.

A young man who was inwardly very much elated at the success of a business transaction, pocketed the

cheque in a casual way, walked into the drawing-room, sat down at the piano and played from memory a rag-time tune. "Now why am I playing this?" he asked himself, "I haven't played it for years." He then recalled the words:

"I'm so happy, oh so happy,
Don't you envy me."

The suppressed joy was leaking out.

In a dream, a lady was assuming that her eyeglasses were broken. When she awoke she was wondering what she should do about it, but realized almost immediately that she had only been dreaming, and was much relieved. When later she went to get her glasses she found they really were broken. The facts suggested either a very curious coincidence or that the dream had some mysterious power. Later in the day she felt in the pocket of her waterproof and noticed a small, irregular, hard object. She recalled having fingered this idly on the previous day. She took it out now to see what it was, and found it was a piece of broken glass. On the previous day her glasses had been in the same pocket. The hard object had been identified as a piece of the glasses, but the mental process had not been conscious.

In conversation or in writing, the associations between the ideas expressed often convey to us as much as the ideas themselves. It is the associations which make the following remarks funny:

"But, gentlemen, Shakespeare is dead. Milton is dead. I'm not feeling very well myself."

"Solomon was a wise man. He had a hundred wives and he slept with his fathers."

In these cases the associations are quite conscious. Consider now the following conversation:

"Aren't they a disreputable-looking crowd who come in for the Races?"

"They are."

"I met Hamilton the other day. He seems to be going to the dogs since he got the money."

In this conversation it is probable that the disreputable-looking racing men reminded the speaker of Hamilton, the link being "disreputable-looking." This association of ideas may have been conscious; *but it may have been unconscious.*

Some ladies were discussing the use of paint and powder, and one remarked suddenly: "How is Miss Rivers keeping, do you know?" The others laughed. It was generally suspected that Miss Rivers used cosmetics, but as she was a person in authority and concealed her artifice very well, no one would risk expressing the thought.

"Shall I get this suit repaired?" my wife asked.

"No, I don't want it again, the trousers are too tight round the hips."

"You're getting too fat, that's all that's the matter. When is Mr. Robson leaving?"

After answering, I waited half a minute and said, "What made you ask about Robson just now?" "I don't know," she replied, "I've wanted to know for some time and always forgot to ask you." But when I quoted the conversation to my friends they all laughed, for the remark made about me was much more often made about Robson.

The way in which these Unconscious Mental Processes influence our casual remarks is also illustrated by the following examples:

When one of my boys was being trained in habits of cleanliness he repeatedly came to his mother and said: "I haven't wet my trousers, mummy." The remark always indicated that he *had* wet his trousers. In the interest of his play he had forgotten to ask to be taken

to the lavatory ; the damp clothing on his legs reminded him that his trousers were wet ; but he had been told that he was not to wet his trousers ; so he added the negative to the idea which was pushed into consciousness by the sensation.

A lady was explaining to a neighbour how her baby had just fallen out of his chair, and she said, " Of course I'm not worrying about it." But she *was* worrying about it. She looked worried. "*I am* worrying about it" was the truth. The negative was added because she did not want to be worried.

We all know the man who says after defeat : " Of course I didn't want the job. It doesn't matter to me at all." And the more he protests the more we disbelieve him. Yet he may honestly believe he is speaking the truth.

" In one hot month of the early summer she failed to send in her Parliamentary Notes just at the appointed time, and she said, ' I am not ill—only tired.' Then in the postscript she added, ' Really I am not ill ' ; and again on the envelope, lest she should cause even a moment's uneasiness, ' I am not sending the notes, but it is just because I am tired.' "

The brave lady (Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald) was already seriously ill and died in two months. Her protestations about *not* being ill would have been correctly read by anyone.

The present writer was once responsible for a class of advanced students who knew almost as much about the subject as he knew himself. Every lecture demanded extensive preparation on his part, and time was scarce. Every holiday was a relief. It happened that there were many holidays that year and the syllabus was not covered. Shortly before the examination he was saying to the students : " We have been very unfortunate in our lecture times this year " ; by a slip of the tongue he

said "fortunate" for "unfortunate," and although he corrected it immediately, the truth was out if the audience had only known it.

Referring to a social experiment which he had organized, a man said, "There are possibilities in it which might be exploited—I mean explored." It may be taken for granted that "exploited" did not leak out unless the thought was behind it.

Slips of the pen, forgetting, and the mislaying of articles can usually be analysed in the same way.

"Forgetting" is no excuse and is not used as an excuse by experienced men and women of the world. If a lover did not turn up at the trysting place, he would not make things any better at the next meeting by explaining that he "forgot." It would be adding insult to injury.

The significance of a forgetting depends on several factors. Artists, scientists and others whose work is related to their instinctive interests (workers that is to say who *enjoy* their work), are generally very forgetful of social duties. Some of them have wives or secretaries who look after these things for them, but they all require to be looked after. The Unconscious is quite egoistic, and as we shall explain later, such people resign themselves largely to Unconscious work. Again, business or domestic worries are frequent causes of forgetting social duties. Worry is *Fear*, and the body is concentrating its energies to meet the emergency. A man who is interested in his work may be excused for forgetting some of it when his child is very ill, but if he forgets it and plays golf instead, it means that he is, at the time at least, more interested in golf; and he may as well face the fact, for every one else realizes it.

Let us consider again my friendship with Mlle. Coffinier: When I had many hours tuition from her and she had refused payment, I sent her address to my

wife and asked my wife to send her a present. My wife mislaid the letter with the address, sent the present to me, and enclosed the letter I had asked her to write to Mlle. Coffinier. But the letter was addressed "*Chère Mlle. Chiffonier.*" I was so annoyed at the slip that I burned the letter and wrote one myself. When I heard of her marriage I suggested spending a certain sum on a wedding present for her. My wife suggested that about half that amount would be nearer what we could afford. I reminded my wife of my indebtedness. She reminded me of the present that had already been sent. I had forgotten that. That night I had the dream, but still was quite blind to the state of affairs. It was after the interpretation that I recalled the above incidents and realized how they confirmed the hypothesis which the incidents of the dream suggested. Note the following points :

- (1) The mislaying of the letter. All other letters I wrote from France had been carefully kept.
- (2) The changing of the name "*Coffinier*" to "*Chiffonier*," which annoyed me.
- (3) The difference in opinion about what we could afford for the wedding present.
- (4) My forgetting about the first present.

I was perfectly true to my wife. Of course I was. And she would not be stupidly jealous. Of course not. And yet we both react to the environment in the same old primitive way, modified somewhat to fit in with the ideas we had adopted from the herd.

The study of Wit provides excellent examples of Unconscious Mental Processes. When my wife wrote "*Chiffonier*" for "*Coffinier*" she was unconsciously witty. The difference in the French pronunciation is slight, but one cannot read the first form without thinking of the English word *chiffonier*, and to play with one's

name in that way is to insult. It is a clever way of saying, "Dear Miss Chest-of-Drawers."

A certain lady who is noted for her excellent manners makes some remarkable mistakes with people's names. She was introduced to a Miss Shappley. All evening she referred to the lady as "Miss Shape-ly." It may appear to the reader to be a mistake unworthy of notice. But why should Miss Shappley and the lady who introduced her feel annoyed about it? Neither of them was shapely, and it was known to several of us that the polite lady did not care for the lady who introduced her friend. And the insult could not have been conscious, for it was most unlike the lady's usual behaviour. And it could hardly be due to coincidence for the following week she was referring to a "Mr. Mewter" as "Mr. Pewter" and he did not like it. Evidently he felt as another member of the company did who said "she must think he's a mug." The assumption of Unconscious Mental Processes seems the best solution. The lady's excessive politeness leads to the suppression of her little traits of human vindictiveness, and, as always with suppressed ideas, they leak out somewhere.

"What do you call that fellow with the name like stomach?" asked some one. Mr. Bellaby did not need psycho-analysis to understand the situation.

We laugh at a witty remark because we suddenly experience pleasure. And we experience pleasure because some instinctive energy that has been dammed up suddenly gets loose.

It is exactly the same as the relief when the inhibition is removed and the scratch mechanism or the cough mechanism can work. A dog has an instinctive tendency to turn round and bite at something hurting its tail. A child who falls over a box will tend to get up and kick the box; a grown-up man may do the same thing if he loses his temper, i.e. forgets his education,

but often he finds relief in the sublimated reaction of using some expressive language. For a respectable gentleman, that course too is forbidden, and he has to content himself with some bitter remarks about the fool who left it there. Probably the greatest *instinctive* satisfaction is to kick the box ; a few good explosive remarks made immediately would be the next best thing ; and the official complaint about some one's untidiness would follow a long way behind. Now tell the respectable gentleman who inhibits the expression of his anger, the following story : A little boy was out walking with his father, and the father slipped on a piece of orange skin and fell. Later the boy was telling his mother about the incident and asked, " But, mummy, how did daddy know it was a Blood Orange ? " If the swear word is sufficiently disguised to be acceptable to his consciousness, the respectable gentleman will laugh. He has got a vicarious satisfaction for some of his suppressed anger. He is glad too, of course, that someone else has been caught doing those things which he ought not to have done ; and as a lover of a good joke, the technique also appeals to him.

Our education forbids us to murder our rivals in love or our enemies generally. We cannot even express what we instinctively feel about them. That is why we laugh at Pantomime songs like,

" And with our shot and shell,
We'll blow them all to ——"

the last word being apparently lost in the clash of orchestral instruments. We must not use the expression, nor tolerate it in others, but such respectable forms of swearing please many good people all their lives.

By his ridicule of the Art Treasures of Italy, Mark Twain made thousands laugh who had suppressed their real dislike of such things. The ridicule did not appear

at all funny to the people who appreciated the masterpieces, i.e. to the people for whom these things were related to their instinctive interests. The subject is considered further in Chapter VII, but we may here point out that the things one laughs at reveal one's true self almost as well as one's dreams.

CHAPTER IV

THE FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

WE are occasionally surprised by the strong reaction a person makes to a situation which seems to us to be so unimportant. A husband makes a casual remark to his wife and finds he has drawn down on his head an amount of anger which could not possibly belong to the incident referred to. An intelligent husband looks further back for the real cause of the anger.

Every teacher meets the same problem. A boy, told sharply to do some trifle, brings his brows down, and indicates by his expression that he will die first. The good teacher does not press the point at the expense of a fight. He ignores the incident and makes a mental note that the boy has probably been unfairly bullied either at home or at school. The teacher is getting resentment that is intended for some one else.

The remark applies equally well to the child of five or to the child of two years old. Psycho-analysis has proved that the early reactions a child makes to its environment have a permanent effect on its character. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." If a child of five is a fighting rebel against authority, there is a good chance that you will find him among the Bolsheviks when he is twenty. If he is successfully trained to implicit obedience of the father, you may expect him as an adult joining in the call for "A Strong Man."

The facts on which these statements are based cannot be given here, but if we express the view which psychoanalysts have been compelled to adopt from the facts, many of our readers will appreciate the truth of it from their own experience.

Let us imagine the development from birth of a only son. He first sleeps in his cot. He is taken into his mother's bed to be fed. He feels more comfortable nestling against his mother than he is in his cot, and he cries to get back to her. If he cries long enough to worry his mother or others he gets back there and he stays there. The mother herself gets to like his company. This goes on until he is perhaps three years old, when the father very often objects to the arrangement, and insists that the child should learn some discipline, that he is being spoiled, that, in short, he should sleep in another room. The father sees to the arrangement, and uses what discipline is necessary to carry the arrangement through. But the father, we will assume, is away from home twice a week. On these occasions the boy sleeps with his mother and enjoys it. Father returns and the boy is turned out again.

Now does anyone who knows children think for a moment that the child does not resent being turned out of his mother's bed? Father may be very useful for providing pennies for sweets, or for playing with during the day, but at night he is not wanted. Is anyone surprised, that it is found that such a boy frequently wishes that the father was dead? We are shocked, of course, but that is not the point, is it true? Consider the following incidents:

"How is your sister to-day, Colin?" a lady asked a little boy whose sister had been very ill.

"Oh! I wish she was dead. She's nothing but a nuisance," he replied.

"If you touch that it will fall and kill you—and then I'll

get your dusters and polish," said one of my boys to the maid who had refused to let him have her cleaning material.

"We don't want any more children just now, do we, John?" "Not till Andrew dies," John replied. Andrew is his little brother.

"Don't touch those silver salt cellars, John, I can't afford to have them broken."

"When you die, daddy, *then* I can have the silver salt cellars?"

"Yes, of course," I replied.

Every parent has heard such remarks.

Returning to our study, it will be understood that the boy will not take kindly to these disciplinary measures, and we are assuming in this case that the father is responsible for them. Nor must we overlook the possibility of the father's insistence on discipline being also related to this rivalry for the mother. The boy may be getting so much of the mother's attention and affection that the father may feel left out in the cold. It is not maintained that any right-minded father allows this to become a *conscious* attitude. He would scorn the suggestion that he was jealous of the attention which the boy got. But that does not eliminate the possibility of jealousy being there. In fact we might go so far as to say that a husband who has learned to depend on his wife for most of his sympathy, love and comradeship, cannot avoid unconscious jealousy of a son to whom the mother suddenly diverts most of her tenderness and affection. That is the reaction which, by motor set, a human being must make to such a situation. Let us be quite clear about this point. If a husband gets too much of his wife's affection, the arrival of a son on whom she projects some of that love will be, on this ground, a satisfaction. A normal healthy man who is interested in life does not want to bear the full force of a woman's mothering and affection for very long. But

neither does the same man want the one and only woman he is supposed to be interested in, to divert nearly all of her loving attention to the child. It is this case we are referring to. The important point is that the child at least feels the jealousy, that we have something approximating to "the eternal triangle," as a result of which the boy develops a subtle antipathy towards his father.

But the boy soon realizes that his father is rather a splendid fellow. He is proud of his father, he is anxious to learn to do all the wonderful things his father can do, and in his gratitude for many kindnesses, the early resentment is forgotten. Thus apparently the development has come all right. But it has not. What has happened is not development at all.

The point will be understood if we take an example from adult life. If a friend plays a mean trick on one, one is grieved or angry. The friend may apologize, and one may "forgive and forget." But one has only power over the *conscious* thoughts and actions. One *cannot* "forgive and forget." That slight is stamped in for ever. When another trifling slight is received from the same friend, the old sore will be touched, the old emotion will be aroused.

Returning to the boy, we see he is in the same position. Consciously, he is the best of friends with his father. But he is always aware of difficulty in being perfectly free with him.

If the reader does not find this account improbable, he will not be surprised at the facts with which psychoanalysis has to deal. One fact is that a big proportion of adult dreams have to do with the death of one of the parents, usually the one of the same sex. Another fact is that such dreams often happen after some disagreement with the person. Another is that a man who dreams of his father being dead, sometimes dreams also of being married to his mother.

If the reader is unacquainted with dreams, these facts may seem almost incredible, and the enumeration of examples will not convince him. Only one thing will convince him : When first one and then another of his own friends who have heard nothing of psycho-analysis, refer to having had such dreams. The following two quotations however, he can verify for himself :

“For that maternal wedding have you no fear ; for many men ere now have dreamed as much ; But he who by such dreams sets nothing, has the easiest life of it.”—*Oedipus Tyrannus*, “Everyman ” Edition, p. 157.

“Si le petit sauvage était abandonné a lui-même, qu’il conserva toute son imbecillité et qu’il réunit au peu de raison de l’enfant au berceau la violence des passions de l’homme de trente ans, il torderait le cou a son père et coucherait avec sa mère.”—DIDEROT, *Le Neveu de Rameau*. (Quoted by Ernest Jones, *Psycho-analysis*, p. 588.)

Let us consider further the love between mother and daughter, and between father and son. This love will be recognized as an extension of Self Love. The parent lives again in the child. The child’s success is *his* success, the child’s disgrace is *his* disgrace. The signs of age may be appearing one after another, but *there* is one’s youth and beauty for all to see. The possibilities of great achievements are not yet passed.

For the boy, the father is the Perfect Man, the boy’s Ideal Self as it were. The father’s opinions are accepted as ultimate truth, the father’s conduct is copied in every detail. Disillusionment soon begins, however. In the first two or three years the boy discovers that there are actually men who are bigger than daddy. And soon daddy does not even behave as he ought. Someone is rude to him, for example, and the father ignores the slight, instead of sending the villain to the ground with one blow. When later the boy goes to the “ Pictures ” and sees Jack Dempsey come dramatically upon the

scene and send the six burly rogues to the ground with one punch each, the boy cheers frantically. Here is the Real Man. Here is the boy's Ideal Self for such occasions.

If we superimpose this attitude towards the father, on the other one of resentment over the rivalry for the mother, we have two inconsistent attitudes. The usual result is that the resentment is suppressed. It is driven out of consciousness. But it still smoulders. It would take too long to explain the results of this suppression, but we may here indicate that the boy's enthusiasm for stories like "Jack the Giant-killer" is related to this unconscious resentment, and that adult interest in certain plays, stories and poems, also depends on it.

It will be obvious to the reader who is inclined to accept this explanation, that very harmonious family relationships may be unhealthy. What, then, will be our criterion of an unhealthy friendship within the family? Surely, a restriction of normal development. If a man is so devoted to his mother that he never wants to marry, we may consider he is an example of filial devotion, but most of us think that his affection has gone too far altogether. We recognize that his mother has drawn to herself, love which should have gone to another woman. Of course there appears to be a difference. If the love had gone to another woman, it would have driven him instinctively to kiss and fondle the other woman and so to organize things that he would have been in a position to live with her in the intimacy of marriage. Such behaviour between mother and son is, of course, rare.

As a rule the son's love for the mother takes the form of little attentions to her, and spending much time in her company. We can divide the cases into two groups: One, in which the son is *instinctively* attracted to the mother, and the other in which the man's attentions

are given *out of consideration for* the mother. In the first group, the man is satisfying his instinctive love in the same way as a normal man satisfies it by little attentions to his sweetheart. In the second case, the man's instinctive love is reaching out to the pretty women he sees around him, but he keeps it in check because he knows it will lead him to marriage, and that as a married man he will not be able to keep his mother. This latter filial devotion may postpone the man's marriage, but as a rule, some means is found whereby his instinctive love can take a normal course in marriage, without his shutting his eyes altogether to what he has been trained to believe is his duty towards his mother.

With the man who is *satisfied* with his mother's love we have a different state of affairs altogether. His *instinctive* love has run along this channel. He is the lover whose love never develops beyond what should be the first step.

This may appear to be one of those outrageous statements which psycho-analytic work is full of. A loving friendship exists between a mother and her son; the friendship bears only a superficial resemblance to the friendship between lovers, and yet psycho-analysts calmly assert that it is only a modification of the same kind of love. What justification have they for this comparison? Where are the other similarities? They are *suppressed*; they are in the unconscious part of the mind. But how do we know?

Let us compare the love in the two cases: A lover gets pleasure from his sweetheart's company. He enjoys doing little services for her. The son enjoys the same relationship with his mother. But the lover is wishing for the closer intimacy of marriage; the son is not. But what are we to make of the *fact*, that *the son is dreaming he is married to his mother*?

The remarkable discovery which Freud has made is

that we are all influenced to a greater or less extent by these family relationships. Our dreams prove it beyond all dispute. The influence of the relationship between mother and son is so important that it has had to be given a special name. It is called the "Œdipus Complex." The corresponding influence due to the relationship of father and daughter is called the "Electra Complex."

When a man tells his wife that her scones are not like those his mother used to bake, she should remember that the quality of the scones may have nothing to do with the remark. His mother was his first love, and apart altogether from our well-known conservatism in diet, there is a tendency to think that those we love do things in just the right way. If a woman marries a man who is very much attached to his mother and who has been a bit "spoiled," she must expect a great many such complaints. She will always be wanting money (his mother was not like that); she expects help with the household arrangements (his mother never troubled him); she worries over the children and cannot be bothered with his tales of woe about his business (his mother always understood how badly he had been treated). In short, such a man does not want a *partner* in life, he wants a *nurse*.

Take the wife's case: The writer knows a lady who is very critical of certain details in her husband's behaviour: She complains about his slight stoop. He is too stout. His clothes get stained. He has fads about pillows—always wants a bolster and pillow, as if one pillow were not enough for anyone. The lady's father was tall and thin; he prided himself on his erect carriage, and spotless clothes; he always slept on one pillow. He was devoted to his daughter and she to him; her mother used to show jealousy about their friendship; the lady still dreams frequently about her

mother being dead. I cannot give all the details which prove conclusively that she is unconsciously longing for her first love (her father), but the evidence is overwhelming.

The reader may admit that there is something in all this, but when he tries to apply it to his own case, he will probably find that there is nothing in it. He has no "Œdipus Complex." His behaviour is quite rational, and these early situations have only a negligible influence on his life. His relations with his wife and his people are quite healthy and normal. Perhaps they are. But he should be very sceptical of what he "thinks" about himself. He will probably find out if he pursues the subject, that his religious and political views, his profession, his tastes in literature and music are all strongly influenced by experiences in his infancy.

CHAPTER V

EDUCATION

ONE'S education begins in the first year of life. The baby makes a little pool of water, is very interested in it, and proceeds to smack it with his hand. He is picked up, scolded, washed and given a Teddy Bear to play with. But in a few seconds he has left the Teddy Bear and is at the coal scuttle. So he goes on all day. His outstanding characteristic is his amazing interest in his environment. Not in *all* his environment, but in certain selected parts of it. The harmless Teddy Bear and the well-washed rubber dolls may be ignored, while tins with lids which the child falls on and cuts himself, drains, gas fires, expensive clocks and watches, beads which he swallows or pushes up his nose, may exercise a fascination for him. He will not sit still for five minutes. He will not go to sleep until he cannot fight against fatigue any longer.

What shall we do with our boys, what shall we do with our girls, we ask when they are sixteen and do not know what they want to do. Where has that marvellous infantile interest in life gone to ? The psycho-analysts say we have killed it with bad training.

But what are we harassed parents to do ? Are we to let the children play with the products of their bodies, with drain-pipes and fires ? Shall we give them our watches and our dressing-table ornaments to smash to pieces ? If you do not at least provide *acceptable* sub-

stitutes, say the psycho-analysts, your boys, when they grow up, will be interested chiefly in food, tobacco, alcohol, and physical pleasures generally. They will never, like Edison, steal hours from the night to get on with work, or, like Darwin, work despite sickness and ill-health, because work is the greatest pleasure in life. They will never say, as the old Scotch engineer said who watched the new locomotive steaming into the platform, "Man, if I had my time over again I would be an engineer again."

Many a father who found joy in his work and rose to a position of honour and respect, looks with a sad heart at his son whom he fears will never take hold of life at all, but will be carried along in the Stream to the grave. Is it the schools which are at fault? Is it the universities? Should the boy have been sent out to earn his living at fourteen as the father did? These are not the chief factors in the case, say the psycho-analysts, *things went wrong in the Nursery.*

The child comes into the world with innate tendencies to perceive and to pay attention to certain things. Certain things interest him, and he has no control over that interest. It is no use giving a kitten nuts to play with instead of a mouse, and the substitution of the rubber doll for the pool of water which the child wants may be no more successful.

The child's first attempts at construction may be to knock down everything you build for him. It is his way of working changes in his environment. His first interest in books may be to pull them all out of the book-case and scatter them over the floor. An examination of the water-closet bowl may be his first interest in engineering, and a curiosity about the products of his own body, the beginning of his interest in physiology. Kill these interests and you destroy the nucleus on which a *vocation* in life depends. The Engineer who loves his

engines, the Scientist who will hardly leave his work for food or exercise, the great Artists, the great Sailors, the great Explorers are men who have kept and developed that infantile interest in parts of their environment.

With a view to testing this psycho-analytic finding, I keep a record of the development of my own two children. Here are some of the results :

When the elder boy began to do without napkins during the day (at twelve months), he was occasionally found patting a pool of water he had made on the floor. Little pools of rain-water also interested him, and he thoroughly enjoyed smacking the water in the bath or wash-hand basin. At fourteen months he was very interested in turning water taps on and off. When taken to the water-closet he watched the rush of water with great interest. At two years of age he spent hours controlling water supplies, filling and emptying buckets, tins, jars, tea-pots, hot-water bottles. He wanted to know where the water came from to the water-closet bowl. When he was taken to a gentleman's lavatory outside, he always insisted on seeing the hole down which the water went, and the cistern which supplied the water. At two and a half years he was tracing every pipe he could see : water-supply pipes, drain pipes, rain pipes, gas pipes. Hours were spent lighting and turning out gas jets. He went for weeks with singed hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, but by three years of age had perfect control over all the gas stoves and gas fires in the house and could be trusted alone with them. He also went into the bath himself and regulated the hot and cold water as he wanted it. He required no supervision even when the water was very hot. Before he was three, I had to take the cover off the water-closet cistern to satisfy his curiosity. He spent about half an hour every day for a fortnight, standing on a ledge up at the cistern, a couple of basket chairs being placed beneath him to break his

fall in case of accident. He filled the cistern to the overflow, and wanted to know the function of every detail of the mechanism. Before he had exhausted the cistern, his interest had spread to fire-engines (he had discovered what a magnificent water supply they controlled). This led to intensive questioning, details being followed up even when he could hardly keep his eyes open. He knew the position of the fire plugs in the neighbourhood, learned the letters "F.P." so that he could detect the plugs and carried a screwdriver round on his tricycle to raise the cover and inspect one occasionally. Questions about fire-engines led to water pumps. At four years of age he discovered in his *Children's Encyclopædia* a diagram of a suction pump, and spent hours trying to understand the mechanism from the diagram. Two months later he discovered the illustrated article on Gas Works, and wanted to know every detail. At four and a half he had traced the water supply to the pumping station on the river, and the drains to the Sewage Works, and worried us to take him to these places until he saw all over them.

This is one of many interests which are developing concurrently, branching, interlacing, welding themselves into an apperception-mass on which the knowledge required for his work in life will grow quite easily. Knowledge is not offered to him. He is seeking it every day with an intense interest until fatigue overpowers him. I can never predict his next interest. The toys he is presented with are divided into sheep and goats immediately, and for no reason that I can understand.

The same spontaneous interest was displayed in books. He first played with mine. He then followed all the details of some of the Picture Stories in his *Children's Encyclopædia*. The volumes got badly used at first, but he loves them. He wanted to know what the writing said. He learned some letters. He was

then presented with an alphabet of raised letters with roughened surfaces, and was shown how to trace them with the finger. They fell flat for a week, but were then taken up with avidity. He knew all the letters when he was four years and three months, and could trace them correctly. He began to write letters without instruction at the same age and to learn easy words.

Now this desire for knowledge is exactly what the psycho-analysts tell us to expect from every normal child. Madame Montessori began a school in Rome with children from the slums and produced results which amazed educationalists all over the world. *And she taught nothing. She let the children grow in a suitable environment.* We have lately seen some marvellous drawings and paintings by children trained in the Cizek Art School of Vienna. When asked what his method was, Professor Cizek explained that he "took the lid off" and let the children express themselves. *He taught nothing.* They grew up in a studio, and could question an artist.

Let us return now to the practical problem of the infant. We realize that unless the child is going to have the "advantages of the gutter" and get his liberty to a considerable extent, his development is going to be hindered. Once he can crawl he will not stay on a rug and should not be compelled to stay on a rug. The "well-behaved" child who will sit in a chair or lie awake idle in a pram for an hour has had his interest in life seriously checked already. He has temporarily given up the fight. Cleanliness, good health, and the comfort of the mother or nurse will never compensate for that tragedy. He is a little caged animal. He sleeps very well and enjoys his food we are told. Of course he does! What is left for a bored human being but sleep, gluttony, and physical sensation!

Our aim then should be, to begin as early as possible

to train our children to react to their environment as we wish them to react as adults. If we believe in Democracy we shall maintain a democracy in the home, the child having as much right to assert himself as the father or mother has. The father's "Take your drum out of this room, I cannot read for your noise!" may be met by "You go and read somewhere else, daddy, I was here first." We parents who believe in the new psychology would go, or compromise.

We have no more right to bully our children than we have to bully our wives or brothers. If the child is not allowed to assert himself as an equal, he will have great difficulty in ever taking his place as an equal, calmly and confidently as he should. Teach him to obey his parents, and he will obey his teacher and obey his foreman, and obey anyone in fact who shouts at him even when he is a grown man. The "Inferiority complex," as it is called, will tend to remain with him throughout life. As a man, he may realize he is too shy and retiring and become a braggart or a bully. "Over compensation" it is called, but it is due to the same complex.

And what about discipline? Has the little tyrant to do just what he likes? Emphatically not. The father and mother have also the rights of adults, and the child should be trained to respect these. But in the difficulties which arise it is better that the parents' rights should be temporarily sacrificed than that the child's should. If, for example, the child is to have the right of an adult to get up early in the morning when it wants to, it is likely to upset someone else's rights in the matter. But the parent or nurse will suffer less from the loss of sleep than the child would suffer from the day-dreaming and other vices it would indulge in if compelled to lie awake in idleness.

When a conflict of wills arises, and "side-tracking" is unsuccessful, *the parent should yield.* The cause of the

child's obstinacy is very difficult to trace, and we shall probably fight on an issue that has nothing to do with the emotion. "I want to go out and dig, daddy," said my boy one evening. "It's raining heavily, John, you could not dig in that." "I want to go out and dig." "But you'll get all wet!" "I want to go out and dig." "Well, you're not going out to dig." "I want to go out and dig, daddy" (crying). I looked round from my work and saw that the boy was almost sleeping on his feet. I got him some milk and he fell asleep drinking it. What he really meant was, "I'm very tired, daddy. I don't know what I want, and you are angry with me." And I might have smacked the boy "to teach him discipline!"

The question of punishment is a difficult one, and psycho-analytic work has raised new problems. It is rather alarming, for example, to realize the number of sexual perversions which have arisen as the result of inflicting, suffering or witnessing corporal punishment. And yet parents and teachers know how unsatisfactory all substitutes are. There is no doubt that competent teachers and parents hardly require to use punishments; but there is also no doubt that with certain children it is necessary to use force if one is not to be trampled on altogether. It seems to the writer that the only physical violence which can be justified against children, is the impulsive blow made with a show of anger because the parent or teacher is being bullied. The child, like any other animal, understands anger, and a slight blow given in anger leaves no resentment. But the child does not understand cold-blooded punishment. He may understand it by education, but his motor set is not designed to deal with such behaviour.

We can understand this better if we consider adult quarrels. A wife may provoke her husband until he strikes her. The incident may be soon forgotten and

leave no harmful impression at all. But if the husband said, "You have annoyed me so much that I intend to punish you," and proceeded to carry out his threat either immediately or later, he would never be forgiven for it. Children are impressed in the same way. Between impulsive blows given in anger and deliberate punishments inflicted in cold blood there is a wide gulf fixed. Any human being may strike in anger: Christ himself once raised the whip; but one can imagine what He would say to the self-satisfied chastisers of children.

One of the early problems which present themselves to all parents, is the attraction which the child feels towards a flame. In many cases the child is guarded from approach. In others he is allowed to burn himself as a warning. Both treatments seem to the writer to be wrong. If the child is kept from the flame, he believes that the flame is an interesting thing, and the parent a troublesome person who interferes with his wishes. If he burns himself he learns to fear the flame. Now psycho-analytic work has proved over and over again that these frights in childhood often exercise the strongest influences over one's adult life. The child may develop a phobia about fire. He may as an adult be unable to sleep upstairs in an hotel until he has examined the various exits. He may refuse to sit in a theatre or concert-hall unless near the door. Adults who fear fire, or water, or closed spaces for example, are generally suffering simply from frights they received as children and have forgotten. A medical officer was sent home from France as a nervous wreck because some of his work had to be done in a dug-out. By dream interpretation, the late Dr. Rivers of Cambridge University traced the phobia to a fright which the man had received as a child by being accidentally shut in a dark passage. The incident had been forgotten, but the fear of closed spaces had remained.

The way to deal with the child's attraction to the flame is to hold his hand and let him *gradually* feel the heat. His reflex mechanisms will ensure that the hand is drawn away whenever pain is felt. Teach him the word *hot* at the same time. A normal child of twelve or fourteen months easily learns the properties of a flame without suffering a burn, and at two years of age should be able to use matches and a candle with some confidence.

Scrupulous honesty in dealing with the child is essential. If lies are told to him, he very soon discovers the fact, and the parents' warnings lose their effect. The parent can say a flame will burn and prove it; he can predict the probability of a fall and the fall will take place sooner or later; but he cannot allow the child to test all difficulties in this way; the risks are too great. Now if the boy has never found the parent to be a liar, he will weigh the attraction to some line of conduct against the *fact* that what the parent says will happen. But if he has found that the parent says anything which suits him at the moment, the child will weigh the attraction against something which we might express as "another of father's yarns."

It takes an exceedingly clever liar to deceive for long even a child of three years old. For this reason, and others, it is most important that questions about the physical differences of the sexes, or about where children come from, should be answered honestly. Only answer the questions asked. There is no need to go into other details. When the child wants further information he will ask for it, unless he has found that the parents are evading his questions on the subject, when he will wonder what the mystery is, and try to find out by subtler means. •

No psycho-analytic finding has raised more opposition than this question of infantile sexuality. The term itself jars on us. We all love young lovers and hope that

they will soon be married and have children, but we do not apply the term "sexuality" to their tokens of affection. To apply it to the little boy's affection for his mother seems a cynical and perverse view of human nature.

Let us first remind ourselves that the lovers' endearments *are* related to reproduction, and consider whether the sex life *begins* at puberty, or only gains energy suddenly at that time.

How many parents have not been amused at the lover-like attitude of their little boy of two or three years old? The boy not only enjoys fondling his mother, but shows very marked jealousy if anyone else fondles her. How many parents have not been surprised by certain embarrassing curiosities which the young children display? Of course, we can explain away these activities if we do not want to admit that they are prompted by the sex instinct, but for the scientist, sex interest is the simplest explanation.

Parents who are willing to accept this view will know how to deal with the problems as they arise. Children who are interested in life and get honest answers to their questions do not dwell on the subject, and readily accept the social conventions when they are explained.

As soon as the child can walk, he may want to climb, and should be allowed to climb, anything which is not too dangerous. He needs no teaching any more than a kitten does. His reflex mechanisms will look after him. But as he does not bear falls so well as a kitten, and as his life is so much more valuable, he must be guarded from injury. He should not be allowed to climb along a wall for example until one has carefully inspected the ground below it. A fall from a five-foot wall on to the soil is not very dangerous, and if he has not been frightened the probability is that he will never fall. We all admire the children of the slums when we see

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them climbing like cats ;
us. They are *living*, whi
parents are confined in nurseries or
cise under the strictest supervision. Anything
troubles the nurse or spoils clothing is "naughty."
The child learns fear of heights by suggestion, and may
never be able to climb even a ladder with confidence.

Fathers who believe in the New Psychology will
endeavour to give more time to their boys when they are
between one and five years of age than at any later
period. Mothers will do the same for their girls. It is in
these early years that the main traits of character are
formed. The supervision required demands more effort
and more intelligence than can possibly be expected all
day even from a good nurse, and in any case the boy
should have opportunity of learning by imitation to
react to his environment as a man reacts.

A Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow University
educated his children in this way. One of the boys
became a famous Professor of Engineering, the other
became Lord Kelvin. Read how Darwin played with
his children and fed their interests, and their success
will not be surprising. Here is an account from the
Children's Encyclopædia (p. 5578) :

"The rule was that Darwin was not to be disturbed while
at work in his study, but a petticoated little son would steal
in from the garden and say to the toiling giant, 'Daddy,
if you'll tum and play with me, I'll give you *suspence* !'
and Darwin would go, and return to work a happier man.
If the children wanted a hammer, or a piece of string, where
would they go but to the Forbidden City, the study, sacred
to quiet and meditation ? . . . What comrades they were
father and children ! Together they examined wild life,
bird, animal, reptile, plant. The boys found new grasses
and he thought it wonderful. They helped him in his study
of worms ; they played musical instruments to enable him

to see the effect of air vibration on sensitive plants, and they were such good silent woodmen, that they would watch a squirrel climb their father in mistake for a tree."

Galton's *Hereditary Genius* will have to be reconsidered in the light of psycho-analytic knowledge. We may find that geniuses are made in the nursery.

The tendency which the boy has to imitate the father should be exploited in the interests of education. The boy should learn discipline, for example, by *imitation*. Let *him* occasionally be captain of the pretend-ship and the father obey orders immediately. Teach him not to argue with the umpire by obeying him when he is umpire. Care must be taken, however, that the attachment to the father does not become too strong or the boy's development may be hindered. He may consider later, for example, that the only profession worth having is the father's profession. This may be an advantage, but it may be a disadvantage. The boy inherits half his qualities from his mother's side, and may lack certain qualities essential for success in the father's work.

The arrival of a second child is a difficult time and special care should be exercised over the first child's development. In the average home, the arrival of another child will mean that the first child will get less attention from the mother, and the elder will not take kindly to this. The cause of the loss of affection is the new baby, and all degrees of resentment are expressed. *Many* children have actually tried to kill the new arrival. Resentment is less when the first child is old enough to dispense with the mother; or when he is so young that he is hardly aware of his monopoly. Appeals to the child's better nature are of very little value. ^a The resentment comes from the Unconscious. It is the reaction which the child by motor set must make to the situation. He does not like his rivals in love any more than adults

do. Most parents deal very sensibly with the situation when it arises, but the writer has heard remarks such as "Your mummy doesn't love you any more now ; she's got another baby," which show a woeful ignorance of the seriousness of the situation.

We may summarize the chapter as follows :—The natural activities of the child should be interfered with as little as possible. To kill these is to kill his interest in life. The boy should be trained to be a man by being treated as a man, the girl should be trained to be a woman by being treated as a woman. This is more important in the first few years of life than at any other period.

The mother is usually the boy's first love, and the father is often the girl's first love, and this friendship should not be fostered too strongly or an attachment may be formed which will make any other lover seem unsatisfactory because he or she is not a duplicate of the parent.

The attachment of the son to the father or the girl to the mother should be exploited for education, but should not be encouraged too much or development may be hindered.

The sexual life of the child is important, and must be watched. Before puberty the sex energy is easily steered into other channels, but bad habits may be developed if not checked. Serious remonstrances, threats and punishments may cause more permanent injury than the habits themselves.

The child's questions, however awkward or difficult, should be answered to the best of the parent's ability. This should be the chief means of education.

CHAPTER VI

EDUCATION (*continued*)

MANY people will admit that the freedom of development advocated in the last chapter is the best way to bring the child forward, but may be rather apprehensive about the difficulty the child will have in fitting himself into the discipline of the school. There is little difficulty. Strange as it may seem to the tired mother of the lively child, the good Infant Mistress prefers lively children. She can steer the infantile activity into the work of the school, and the little seeker after knowledge who caused so much trouble at home, is soon at the top of the class, ready to move to a higher class where there will be fresh problems to conquer.

The modern Infant Mistress may not be quite clear about the theory of education, but she is an intelligent woman, she loves children, and she has a practical knowledge of what is right and what is wrong in Teaching Method. Give her more lively children, and she will soon introduce the Montessori System, so that the little ones will be even less restricted than they are at present ; but she is doing marvellously well with the children she gets. The Montessori System and the Dalton Plan are only successful with children whose instinctive interests have been ^{well} steered into the school work.

Nevertheless, the chief fault of the schools at present, is that they are still dominated to a considerable extent

by the "tabula rasa" theory—that the child's mind is a blank sheet on which as much useful knowledge as possible has to be written. And one still comes across many "efficient" teachers who by constant vigilance, and slight but inevitable punishments, reduce their children to the comatose condition most suitable for this process. Only a generation ago, a master who had not his class in this condition would be reported to be inefficient. Nowadays, the strict disciplinarian is not so popular with headmasters and inspectors, but he is tolerated. Soon he will not even be tolerated. Thousands of teachers have changed their discipline on realizing that they were working on wrong lines. When our young teachers understand Freud's contribution to the knowledge of the mind, an improvement in teaching will follow.

Those of us who have tried to teach by more up-to-date methods found ourselves faced with the difficulty that there were on the Time-tables, subjects in which we could not interest the children at all. Some of us for example could not teach successful lessons on "The Verb," "The Collective Noun," "Charity," or "Kindness to Animals." We could evade the first by making a game of learning that the sheep *bleats*, the cow *lows*, the lion *roars*, the elephant *trumpets*, etc.; and the second by playing about with a *herd* of deer, a *flock* of sheep, a *school* of whales, a *flight* of birds, a *troop* of monkeys, and so on. But when we came to the half hours to be spent on "The Past Participle" and "The Subjunctive Mood," we were faced at last with the grim reality.

Whether or not these subjects are of sufficient importance to crowd out of the time-table an introduction to astronomy, geology, or biology, need not be discussed here. The point is that in certain lessons enthusiastic teachers have their enthusiasm held up, and tens of thousands of children have to be bullied into quietness

to absorb something which they do not want, do not understand, and will forget as soon as they dare. While we assumed that all knowledge had to be written on the blank mind of the child, the case was different. But if our best teachers find that the majority of the school subjects can be presented in a way which appeals to the *instinctive* interests of the children, while a minority of subjects do not make this appeal, however presented, the case for their inclusion in the School Time-table will have to be very strong indeed.

An important fact to which sufficient attention is not paid, is that *a teacher cannot teach all he knows of a subject*. He can teach arithmetic or elementary mathematics close up to the limits of his knowledge, but if his knowledge of history, geography, science, or drawing is not much above what he has to teach, his lesson is a waste of time. *The cleverest teachers do not know what they are going to teach*. They can no more predict the parts of the subject that are going to interest the children than they can predict the infant's next interest. A child's question, or answer to a question, gives an opening for the explanation of some important detail of the subject, and the skilled teacher seizes the opportunity. He is not easily side-tracked from his *subject*. But he must have a large background of knowledge to draw upon; for while the essential nucleus of the lesson is taught to all the children, the links which bind it to the child's apperception-mass may be different for each child.

If two men are equally skilful in what we may call "the tricks of the trade" in teaching, and if one has a sound knowledge of the subject, while the other only knows the bare facts which have to be taught, there is no comparison in the values of the two lessons. In the second case the few facts may be well drilled in, but they have not been linked with the instinctive interests of the children.

This being the case, authorities should be much less tolerant of badly educated teachers. The Secondary Schools are weeding them out rapidly. It is even more important that they should be weeded out of the Primary Schools, and the Infant Schools. Ability to teach arithmetic and mechanical reading and to correct spelling mistakes is a deplorable qualification for one who has to take control of sixty children for five hours a day. A teacher with only a superficial knowledge of the other school subjects is not only wasting every day half the time of the children entrusted to him, but is killing their interest in knowledge and in work, and is helping to build up that class of apathetic adults who make social reforms of any kind so extremely difficult.

The knowledge which the child acquires at school, is only a part of the child's education at school. The remainder is sometimes expressed as "moulding the child's character." The modern psychologist is very critical of the education which this phrase often represents. Frequently such training only causes a dissociation of personality. The original Master John Smith, with all his faults and all his lovable qualities, becomes two persons who do not speak to each other : John the Gentleman who conforms to the School Tradition and is keenly aware of his superiority over ordinary men, and John the Devil who has his fling in private. We are back at the "tabula rasa" theory. We are trying to *stick on* culture now. It will never be anything but a veneer.

The psychologist has much more faith in human nature. Just as he is not ashamed of the infant's curiosities, but sees in them the germ of nobler things, so is he not afraid of the child's real interests in life, but watches them run along the grooves which our Social Heritage has laid down. He will not compel the child to read Shakespeare and Milton because the child's blank

sheet of a mind should be stored with the best. He has found out that to begin too soon with Shakespeare is to end with the Sunday Papers. In the same way if we make our youths behave like dignified men, they will be indulging in youthful follies when they ought to be dignified men. The dignified gentlemen who go to "sprees" and delight in smashing things and pouring beer down the pianos are indulging in infantile amusement which should have been indulged in when their toys were less expensive.

Similarly, the girl who cultivates the manners of the dignified woman will be reading surreptitiously the silliest of love stories, or betraying by her laughter or her little curiosities that her real self is suppressed. She is not *living*.

It is not generally realized that a large proportion of the people in asylums are there because of their suppressions. Their brains cannot be distinguished in any way from normal brains. These people are insane *because they refused to face the facts*. They indulged in day-dreams which were too far removed from reality, and gradually came to believe that the dreams were true. A capable young politician may day-dream of becoming Prime Minister, but an inefficient out-of-work artisan with a neglected young family should not, or he will soon be within the walls.

Let us consider briefly the possible reactions which a young man could make to a difficult new situation. Assume that a boy has been brought up in a rather strict environment; has been taught to believe that smoking, drinking, dancing and theatre going are immoral, and that no good citizen does these things. He leaves home for the first time to attend a university. Here another code of morality obtains. Most of the men smoke, drink, go to theatres and dance, and he realizes that among the sinners are some very fine fellows. His

views do not now win the approval of those around him as they did at home, and he longs for the approval of those around him. He hears interesting stories about College Dinners. He attends the Debating Society and sees the dancers in another room, and feels that he too would like to have his arms round these pretty girls. He sees the lazy, contented-looking smokers gossiping over coffees. And it begins to dawn on him that, like the policeman, his "lot is not a happy one." What will he do ?

One of four things :

- (1) He can say "Get thee behind me, Satan," and hold fast to the home traditions.
- (2) He can throw over the home training, and join the revellers.
- (3) He can "forget" the home training while he is at the University, and "forget" his University behaviour when he is at home or is writing home.
- (4) He can modify his views and compromise. He may, for example, smoke in moderation, both at College and at home ; attend certain plays and certain College Dances, and discuss the whole question at home, even if it leads to a good deal of trouble.

No young man will fit perfectly into one of these categories, but one will describe his reactions better than another. Now let us trace the result in each case. In the first instance the man is satisfying the better part of his nature, and suppressing certain strong instinctive wishes. The latter are in the Unconscious, craving expression, and gaining force from lack of expression. He must be continually condemning these tendencies in himself and condemning anything which reminds him of them. Thus he will not be content to allow the revellers to go to the Devil. He upbraids them. He rejoices in anything that limits their activities, or when disaster

overtakes any of them. When he grows older, he is merciless when his servants or his children are detected in any indulgence, and believes that his uncharitableness is due to his high ideals. It is due, of course, to his own suppressed wishes to do the same things. Serious relapses from virtue are not uncommon with such people.

In the second case, the man satisfies his cravings for the forbidden joys, and suppresses the better part of his nature, which, of course, is as much a part of him as the other. This suppressed part soon begins to call for expression, and the man is occasionally found "greetin' drunk" as the Scots say, or praising with moist eyes, that beautiful song "The Little Grey Home in the North."

When sober, he begins to scoff at the Students' Christian Movement, and rag their meetings. He reads the opponents of the Church for arguments to throw at the Believers, and is continually telling people, in case they should "misunderstand" his attitude, that no man who honestly looks at the evidence could be anything but an agnostic.

His attacks on Christianity are due to the fact that in his Unconscious he is a Christian. Some strong stimulus such as the death of his mother may strengthen the unconscious wishes and we may have a "religious conversion." This, psychologically speaking, is the same process as the "relapse from virtue" in the first case. The Salvation Army drums and cymbals, the clapping of hands and the frequent "Hallelujahs" touch the suppressed emotions by causing a suspension of the intellectual processes. Points of light, intoning, incense burning, and other ceremonials of the Church services have the same effect. These things are analogous psychologically to the rhythm in poetry and music, and to the arts of the hypnotist.

Thus the wicked man is frequently converted. We might say more correctly that his mental processes are

inverted. The previously suppressed groups are given full expression, and the group which was formerly given free expression is now suppressed. The change over causes intense emotional disturbance, occasionally resulting in serious physical derangement, such as psychogenic blindness or dumbness. The conversion of Saul is an excellent example. These inversions often happened during the War. A man's suppressed fear would finally break out and have full expression, and the man was sent home suffering from "Shell Shock." The shell which caused the "shock" often fell some hundred yards off. It was just the last straw.

In the third case, we have the beginnings of a divided personality. A "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in embryo. We meet these people by the score in everyday life: men who are saints in their own homes and in drawing-rooms, and who are very different men in certain other environments; who keep their two or more selves in logic-tight compartments and fight furiously against anyone who tries to introduce the parts to each other.

In the fourth case, we have the healthy reaction of the man of stable character. "There is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is," said Huxley.

Psycho-analysis confirms this view. It proves that honesty is the best policy; that our sins will find us out; that open confession is good for the soul, however bad it may be for the reputation. It was Freud's discovery of the great benefit which his hysterical patients derived from free expression of their thoughts, which led to the discovery of Psycho-Analysis.

CHAPTER VII

INSTINCT AND ART

LITERATURE deals largely with human conduct. The most damning comment we can make about a book or a play is to say: "The psychology is all wrong. Human beings do not act like that." The masterpieces of literature are felt to be true to human nature generation after generation. They show an acquaintance with the springs of conduct.

We have, then, a very convenient test for our psychological hypotheses. For if they cannot throw light on the incidents we find in literature, it is unlikely that they will help us to understand life. The psycho-analysts admit this, and claim that the masterpieces of literature confirm in quite a remarkable way the psycho-analytic theories.

On p. 30 we tried to explain why the psycho-analyst was suspicious of the truth of a statement not only when "the lady protests too much," but whenever a negative statement is made needlessly. On p. 31 we explained the significance of Slips of the Tongue. Consider now the following passage from the *Merchant of Venice* (Act III, Scene 2):

"I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore forbear a while:
There's something tells me—but it is not love,—
I would not lose you: and you know yourself

Hate counsels not in such a quality :
 But lest you should not understand me well—
 And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought—
 I would detain you here some month or two
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;
 So will I never be ; so may you miss me ;
 But if you do you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlook'd me and divided me ;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
 Mine own I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours."

"There's something tells me—but it is not love"—
 Nobody said it *was* love, dear lady. "Qui s'excuse
 s'accuse." Why did you mention love at all ? Because
 the Unconscious, as usual, pushed up the truth.
 "There's something tells me"—*Love*, says the Uncon-
 scious. *But it is not love*, protests Consciousness which
 does not want to admit the truth.

"Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlook'd me and divided me ;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
 Mine own, I would say."

Has this slip of the tongue no meaning ?

In the Sleepwalking Scene in *Macbeth* we have an
 outcropping of the Unconscious which experts admit to
 be perfect. The washing of hands is unquestionably a
 symptomatic act, and the incoherent remarks are full
 of meaning. Only doctors with experience of hysterical
 subjects fully appreciate the exactness of detail of this
 wonderful scene. Shakespeare's perfect knowledge of
 the Stage we can understand. That he should give
 Bohemia a sea coast and start a ship from the gates of
 Milan are mistakes we should expect from his limited
 education. But where did he get his expert knowledge

of the unconscious actions of a woman suffering from such a complex? Shall we say that Shakespeare's plays must have been written by the medical officer of an asylum?

Mr. Lennox Robinson, in an article in the *Sunday Observer* (17.8.24), refers to a case in which an actor had to portray madness, and made a great success of the part. "Doctors in the audience declared that he had little movements of the hands, little tricks of the body, which were the movements and tricks only too familiar to those who have studied the insane, and peculiar to these unhappy creatures." *And yet this actor had never studied the dramatic technique for madness, nor had he ever to his knowledge even seen a mad person.*

Let us try to understand this problem first. It may throw light on Shakespeare's skill.

We saw (p. 24) that the signs of an emotion have a physiological basis. That to portray Fear, one must *feel fear*; to portray Anger, one must *get angry*. The physical changes will then take place by reflex action. No conscious imitation of bodily changes will produce the desired effect. The co-ordination of muscle movements is too complicated to copy exactly.

Anger, as it has to be portrayed on the Stage, is not purely instinctive anger. It is a complex behaviour resulting from instinctive reactions and inhibitions. The young child when angry approaches nearest to the purely instinctive behaviour: He strikes, scratches, kicks and bites. The angry schoolboy, unless he loses self-control altogether (i.e. forgets his education) steers his anger into his fists; but the energy tending by motor set to run to his jaw, will make him clench his teeth to stop them biting, or snarl or sneer at his opponent (i.e. bare his teeth for the bite). Angry men usually inhibit the action of the hands too, and content themselves with some educated growls at each other; but one can often

see the hands clenching for the blow which the "Higher Faculties" are holding in check. The stronger the anger, the more these instinctive reactions show themselves, until one after another of the inhibitions are broken down. The only way to portray this complicated behaviour is *to live through it*. And any normal person can live through it. The actor's special power (apart, of course, from such technical training as good voice-production) is that he can *turn on* his anger when it is required, and to the exact degree required. This he can only do if he *feels* the part, that is, if the part he is acting is part of himself.

In his *Principles of Psychology* (Vol. I, p. 309), William James says :

"I am often confronted by the necessity of standing by one of my empirical selves and relinquishing the rest. Not that I would not, if I could, be both handsome and fat and well dressed, and a great athlete, and make a million a year, be a wit, a '*bon-vivant*,' and a lady-killer, as well as a philosopher ; a philanthropist, statesman, warrior, and African explorer, as well as a 'tone-poet' and saint. But the thing is simply impossible. The millionaire's work would run counter to the saint's ; the '*bon-vivant*' and the philanthropist would trip each other up ; the philosopher and the lady-killer could not well keep house in the same tenement of clay. Such different characters may conceivably at the outset of life be alike possible to a man, but to make any one of them actual, the rest must more or less be suppressed."

But this suppression was only necessary because William James aimed at an integrated personality. He wanted to be *one* man. He was much the same William James from hour to hour and from day to day. We all know men, however, who are not so concerned about consistency ; who are saints on Sunday and would-be millionaires on Monday, philosophers at home and lady-

killers abroad, philanthropists in public and "*bon-vivants*" in private. These parts of their personalities are kept in logic-tight compartments and do not modify each other to any considerable extent. William James staked his all on being a psychologist, and starved his possibilities as a "*bon-vivant*" and a lady-killer to such an extent that at forty his attempts at *acting* these parts would have been ludicrous. He was a man of stable character.

The great actor, on the other hand, is a man of *labile* character.

"If we are to be quite frank," says Mr. Lennox Robinson in the article referred to above, "shall we not have to declare that the few very great actors we have known were not people of outstanding intelligence, and that the many intelligent actors we know fall just short of being in the front rank as actors? . . . Will actors forgive me if I say that the 'typical' actor so often reminds me of the typical medium—wayward, sensitive, receptive, generous beings?"

The great actor is not *one* man, but several men—and women. For just as he has vestigial nipples, so has he a vestigial feminine mental equipment which he can develop with his philosophic, philanthropic, saintly and lady-killing tendencies. He may keep one of these personalities for his friends, and the others may be quite happy "having their fling" on the stage, but if they did not get their fling there they would soon show themselves in real life whenever a suitable environment presented itself. The classical cases of divided personality are only extreme forms of the same mental state.

Now if great genius to madness is akin, it should not have been difficult for Shakespeare to *live through* Lady Macbeth's feelings after the murder. And if he *felt* the part, he could have *acted* the part. The "little movements of the hands and tricks of the body" would follow by reflex action, just as the snarling and clenching

of the fists would follow his emotion of anger. An actor may learn a dramatic technique for showing disgust, but any normal infant portrays disgust perfectly when he puts something bitter in his mouth. Partly by instinct and partly by education we get rid of the filth we have been in contact with by washing the hands, and the action of washing the hands helps to relieve us from the unclean thing *which is in our minds*. Not only was the action symptomatic with Pilate and with Lady Macbeth, but our asylums to-day have hundreds of inmates who have this *washing mania*.

It is no use asking the actor to explain how he acts his part so well. *He does not know*. We have all been bored with the millionaire's account of how he made his millions by early rising, plain living, and reading the Bible and Shakespeare. It is not that he is a liar. Like the actor, he may not know.

The problem of how Shakespeare could *write* the part is more difficult. But writing and speech are *conduct*. When we feel angry or affectionate, our speech and our writing indicate the fact. We know the remark that "comes from the heart." The written invitation may be cordial enough, but reading between the lines, we get a different impression altogether. In what does this "reading between the lines" consist? Simply in noting the choice of words and the associations. *A poor old man* and *a hard-up old fellow* may mean the same thing superficially, but the expression chosen by the speaker or writer gives us a good clue to his feelings for the man. The unconscious associations which we have to *poor* are not the same as those we have to *hard-up*. *Poor* recalls to us the *tragedy* of poverty. The combination *poor old* has a pathos which the words separately do not have. *A poor old man* is a more pathetic phrase than *a poor man who was old*. If we say *a man whose standard of living was low and whose age was considerable*, he is only

a subject for our scientific investigation. Our *feelings* send into Consciousness the appropriate phrase.

Compare Lear's pathethic remark :

"Pray, do not mock me :

I am a very foolish, fond old man,

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less,

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

with this paraphrase :

"Don't make fun of me, please :

I am a very silly but affectionate old fellow

Of eighty-one or thereabouts,

And to tell you the truth, *fruit*

I believe I'm getting mentally deficient."

"Fourscore" means "eighty"; but it also rouses unconscious associations which "eighty" does not. "Fourscore" touches a complex for most of us. One's Unconscious Mind has linked with the word, thoughts such as "Three-score years and ten . . . Man goeth to his long home . . . the pitcher is broken at the fountain . . . the old hymn tunes . . ." and, for example, may draw emotion from that tragic "first love affair" which was nipped in the bud, but which few of us ever quite get over.

True poetry cannot be made with words like "mentally deficient," "grape-fruit," or "trench-mortar." These words are comparatively new, and have not had time to acquire emotional associations for the mass of the people. Consider what a difference the War has made in the connotations of the word "trenches." Dictionaries and Academies have no control over these subtle changes. The purists who would have the meanings of words definitely fixed have no true understanding of language. Meaning, as Dr. Schiller says, is essentially personal. We do not call our sons Judas or Ananias. We do not compare our

sweethearts to the scabious, beautiful flower as it is ; and the British Fascists soon realized that the initials of their Order did not form a satisfactory badge.

Let us consider now Burns' poem "To a Mountain Daisy." It begins :

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem."

Why are so many people emotionally affected by this verse ? Is it not the grossest sentimentality to make so much fuss over a daisy ? Would Burns have drowned the lawn with tears if he had been using a lawn-mower ?

Consider another case : If a man found that his wife or his friend became upset emotionally over some trifle, what would he do ? If he were an experienced man of the world, he would sympathize, however trifling the incident, knowing that the emotion had some deeper root ; and he would allow the distressed one to talk freely, knowing very well that the real trouble would leak out soon. Let us treat Burns in the same way. Listen while he rambles on, and soon we shall get the real trouble :

"Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !"

Now we have the real cause of the emotion. He was "projecting" his grief for himself, on to the daisy. He had been suppressing his grief at his own sad fate, and the stricken daisy touched the complex.

That is Burns' case. But why do *we* feel the emotion ? Because we too have stood the buffeting of life. Just as the stricken daisy touches Burns' complex, so does Burns' complex touch *our* complexes. We may not have projected our emotion on to a daisy, but we have projected it on to a stone monument, or an old hymn tune, and we pick up the emotion from a fellow creature just as a gregarious animal responds to a sign of Fear in another member of the herd. But the animal in which fear is aroused by Suggestion must know either instinctively or by experience what Fear is. The well-kept bull-dog, for example, would not be so susceptible to the suggestion as the mongrel which had been badly treated.

In the same way, he only can sympathize who has *felt* the grief. We *feel for* another only when his grief touches our own complexes. When I get a thrill by reading of a little boy being scalded in the bath, it is because I may find on my return that it has been the fate of *my* little boy. When I am moved by one of the touching "In Memoriam" notices which still appear in the newspapers, it is not for *these* tragedies of War I feel, but for the tragedies of War of which I have personal experience. I read of thousands dying in an earthquake in Japan, and my withers are unwrung. I resolve to send a subscription—and forget.

It is generally realized that boys read tales of adventure to satisfy their craving for adventure ; that girls read about *The Kiss She Sold, Her One False Step, Her Wild Wooing, The Price She Paid*, and so on, because instinctively the girls want to experience love, but are held in check by conventions of various kinds. The boys *live through* their "Bloods." The girls *live through* their love stories.

Now psycho-analysis shows that *all* literature is appreciated for similar reasons. That the child who loves to hear about Cinderella, *believes herself to be*

Cinderella—bullied, scolded, misunderstood, kept with old clothes, and generally not appreciated, i.e. she is no longer the mother's little darling who gets all her own way. *The Ugly Duckling* provides a variation of the same theme.

The writers of boys' stories understand these identifications. The heroes who thrash bullies, discover hidden treasures, and generally do all the wonderful things which schoolboys would love to do, are about the same age as the boys for whom the stories are written. "What are you reading there, Smith?" I asked one of my schoolboys who was not attending to the lesson. "*The Boys' Friend*, sir." "Oh! What's the favourite story now?" (Chorus) "'Nelson Lee,' sir." "Is Nipper still with him?" (General surprise.) "Yes, sir." "What is he doing now?" "He's at school, sir." "Still at school! He was at school when I was at school!" I could see the shock I had caused to the enthusiasts. I had broken the link that made identification easy, and probably spoiled the story for several of them.

Broken Chains is a title which attracts the man or woman who is "chained" to an unsatisfactory partner, the clerk "chained" to his office stool, the unmarried girl "chained" to a dreary, virtuous life—a good big audience. *Betrayed By Her Friend* has also a large clientèle.

"Thus one knows people," says Freud, "with whom every relationship ends in the same way: benefactors whose protégés, however different they may otherwise have been, invariably after a time desert them in ill-will, so that they are apparently condemned to drain to the dregs all the bitterness of ingratitude; men with whom every friendship ends in the friend's treachery. . . . Psycho-analysis has from the outset regarded such a life history as in a large measure self-imposed and determined by infantile influences.

The bonds of tenderness linking the child more especially to the parent of the opposite sex succumbed to disappointment, to the vain expectation of satisfaction, and to the jealousy aroused by the birth of a new child, unmistakable proof as it is of the faithlessness of the loved parent . . . the partial withdrawal of the tenderness lavished on the little one, the more exacting demands of discipline and education, severe words and an occasional punishment finally revealed to him the whole extent of the disdain which is his portion."—*Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, p. 21.

When our experience of life becomes too great to permit of our easy identification with impossible Detectives, Athletes and Fairy Tale people generally, and when we have given up hope of going *From Millgirl to Marchioness*, *From Pit to Parliament*, or *From Workhouse to Westminster*, we take a kindly interest in the more common buffetings which Thomas Hardy's characters have to stand. We go to Shakespeare, and hear him rage about the friends who have betrayed *us*, and the women who have played *us* false. The cultured girl cannot endure the crudities in *Her One False Step*, but she can sympathize with *The Lady of Shalott* in her "grey walls" and "silent isle." The "water-lilies" are beginning to pall. The "shadows" of the world are not satisfying. "*She hath no loyal knight and true, the Lady of Shalott.*" And when the complex became strong enough, she risked the curse, took "her one false step" and paid the penalty. The cultured girl may deny her interest in the handsome Knight with the significant emblem, but her sympathy shows her suppressed interest. The Sir Lancelots, of course, are also interested in the case.

Let us consider now the main incidents in *Hamlet*. Hamlet is in the depth of despair because of "a dear father murdered." So, at least, he protests again and again. It is quite obvious, however, that he was in the

depth of despair before he learned that his father had been murdered. It was his mother's marriage that had upset him., Hamlet's duty is quite clear : He has to revenge his father by killing his uncle ; and yet he thinks and hesitates, invents contradictory excuses, misses an excellent opportunity, and generally behaves as many of us behave in bed on a cold morning, when our clear duty is to get up. We say the bed " has a pull," and we feel that there is a pull on Hamlet which hinders him from carrying out his duty. The critics usually accept Hamlet's own explanation about the native hue of resolution being sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought, and find themselves faced with the inconsistent facts that Hamlet followed a ghost, killed Polonius, sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their deaths, attacked pirates, organized a play, fought a duel, and generally behaved as a man of dignity, strength of purpose, and considerable physical and moral courage.

The psycho-analytic explanation is that Hamlet was suffering from a strong Œdipus Complex. That Hamlet, as well as his uncle, loved the Queen. Hamlet had become reconciled to giving up his loved one to his father, but that his mother should desert him now for a new lover, broke his heart. Yet he can only react to the situation as he did when a child, dreaming of and vowing terrible vengeance, but fearing reality. If Shakespeare had a strong Œdipus Complex (and there is other evidence of it) he could *live through* Hamlet's part, and the appropriate reactions to the environment would follow.

The following short article which the writer contributed to *The British Journal of Medical Psychology* may help the reader to understand the problem. I have to thank the Editor for his kind permission to publish it here.

POETRY AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

One of the students at — Training College, a boy of nineteen, fell in what appeared to be an epileptic fit, and was taken to bed. A prefect was detailed to look after him. When the student recovered he was quiet but obviously distressed, and asked the prefect what was the best way to occupy one's mind when one was worried. The prefect was a musician, and said that he usually composed at the pianoforte, or tried to write poetry. The sick student tried all day to write a poem, but only produced a few lines on the back of an envelope. The prefect saw the poem and considered it doggerel.

During the night, the prefect was awakened by the sick student reciting poetry with dramatic gestures. He was sitting up in bed, sometimes addressing the stars, and by his fixed gaze was apparently asleep. The prefect listened for a time and suddenly realized that the poetry was original. He got out a pencil and paper and tried to note some of it. Several fragments were noted, of which the following two are fair specimens :

- (1) Come rack and pain, minions of absence,
What shalt thou gain by tearing us apart.
Each hour of pain stabs in the heart.
- (2) Why do they live ?
 Can they not die
 All but you and I ?
 Nought matters else.

The prefect had sympathized with the student in one of his half-conscious lamentations, and had been told of a love affair with which the student's people were interfering. This fact threw considerable light on the fragments quoted above.

A few nights later the student was found going down the dormitory stairs reciting poetry, and obviously

sleep-walking. He was taken to his own home, and we heard no more of him until next term.

During the vacation he had written in a note-book several remarkable poems, one of the earliest being the following :

O Heart o' mine, heart o' mine, didst hear that sigh ?

O Joy of life, joy of life, didst hear that cry ?

From bloodless lips 'tis surging

From longing heart love purging

Of one once true

Who once was you

Heart o' mine.

O Lips o' mine, lips o' mine, didst feel my kiss ?

O Breath of life, breath of life, retain that bliss

Or heart cease beating.

Stop memory fleeting

Of lips so red

That are e'en dead

For me, Lips o' mine.

I asked the student if he had read much poetry. He had read little. The only poems which had interested him had been poems of action. He had regarded poetry as "soft stuff." The above poem was produced without any effort, and was written down exactly as it stands, in a few minutes. He was not quite clear in his own mind what it was all about.

The following poem was the result of a deliberate effort to write a poem on "Spring." He had shown some of his poems to friends at home who had said the poems were very good but that he should try to write "something more cheerful."

Laugh you winds, Spring is here,

And sparkling sunbeams, winter drear

Are chasing away.

See a-waving in the breeze

The boughs of joyous trees

All budding with the green.

Hark to the birds a-chirping in the mead
As with little lively eyes they seek a feed
While warbling a sunny lay.
There lambs are gambolling, frisking gaily
Taunting, watching mothers féely
A-cropping grass new-green.

Folk from the city dancing come
Wearied by the eternal hum
Of traffic's droning day.
Children leap and will abandon scream
For winter's past, and winter's dream
At last, at longéd last is seen.

In this production, in which his best efforts were put forth, the obscure symbolism is absent, and the poem is entirely lacking in "*inspiration*."

The next poem in his book was the following :

Die, ah die—sweet rarity,
Too rare for me.
I cannot hold thee
And thou must cold be
Now and for eternity.

Mad I was to wildly hope
To be thy home.
Through darkness to the dome
Of Life I'll weakly roam
Or for light in death numb'dly grope.

Here we return to the true poetic quality. This poem was also composed and written in a few minutes without any effort. The student said he understood the poem when he wrote it, but that now he did not know what it meant. "*Sweet rarity*" puzzled him, but affected him emotionally so that he wanted to write more whenever he saw or heard the words.

The following extract is from a long poem which was written down as the words came, no thought being given

to the construction, rhyme or meaning, and no corrections being made.

'Blares the trumpet, twangs the taut string,
Chaotic melody a-dinning.
Swirl the bodies, swinging, singing
Faster, holding, drunken, spinning ;
Sweeps the strings and wine is red
Life is laughter and God is dead.
Living, living, taking giving,
Mistress, man and maid.
Glories, stories, leaping, telling,
Diaphanously limbs arrayed,
Moon is waning, gleam is fading,
Fiddle wailing ends its scaling ;
Minds a-faltering, sense invading
Melts the host in dawn a-paling
Music's day is done.

I asked the student to try to describe in prose what it was all about. He could not. I made an attempt at a prose translation. He said it set his "teeth on edge." "Do you understand it ?" "Yes, I see it all." "As mental pictures ?" "Yes." "Do you see all your poems as mental pictures ?" "Yes." I turned to the poem beginning "Die, ah die, sweet rarity," and pointing to "*Sweet rarity*" said "What do you see now ?" "Oh ! you've brought it all back to me," he exclaimed ; "its Eileen" (his sweetheart). Later he was not so sure it was.

About three weeks later he brought his manuscript book to show me some further efforts. My attention was taken by the following remarkable poem :

SOMEWHERE

Through the curling shadows of sombre eve
Looms a misty crater of things forgot,
A saw-like edge of fading red,

And fummy vapours swelling heave,
A scented stench of rebellious rot
Lifting slowly from memories dead.

Crawling round the ragged steep
Are grinning wraiths of passions lost :
Probing down midst the gruesome mass
Are forked eyes that sentinel keep.
Embittered souls see hopes embossed
Then fading in murk hopes wanly pass.

I asked the student if he could explain what it meant. He said he was describing a succession of visual images in words which came quite spontaneously. "But what is it all about?" He did not know. He had shown it to Eileen who said she "hated it." It gave her "a creepy feeling."

I asked for a copy of the poem. It reminded me of the visual imagery of the Rev. George Henslow which Galton quotes in *Inquiries into Human Faculty* (Everyman Edition, pp. 115-118). No one with any psycho-analytic experience could study these descriptions with the accompanying diagrams and avoid coming to the conclusion that the symbolism was sexual, although the idea that the visions had any general meaning does not seem to have occurred to Galton.

Some time later the student asked me why I had asked for a copy of the poem. I said it interested me.

"Do you think it has anything to do with sex?" "I don't know; do you?" "I'm sure of it," he said. "What makes you sure of it?" "Well, it's obvious, and the conditions under which I wrote it make me quite sure. I hate to think I am so much dominated by sex."

The student was unable, however, to interpret the symbolism for me, nor would he accept as satisfactory any interpretation I offered. Apparently it was as impossible for him to express the meaning in prose as it

would be to express the pathetic line, "I am an old man, a very old man," by, say, "Man, aged 70."

The student showed the poem to seven men friends at College. Six of them liked it. None of them knew why. The student who did not like it was a special friend of the poet's and the poet had referred to him some weeks previously as a strange fellow who had never had any interest in girls. ✓

The Editor of the College Magazine (a Cambridge Graduate in Literature) had selected this poem for publication in the College Magazine. I asked him why he liked it. He said the symbolism was so weird:

I asked the poet if he ever dreamed. He did, sometimes. "What do you dream about?" (With some hesitation) "I had a terrible dream at the beginning of my illness at College. I have worried over it a great deal: I dreamed I had murdered my father. Battered his head in with a hammer." I explained that that was nothing to worry about, and said I would explain it to him soon. "What else do you dream about?" "I saw a gallows. People were being hanged." (Pause.) "Who were the people?" "Relatives, I think." "Tell me about them." "My mother was one."

It was not desirable to probe too far into his private affairs, and I explained the *Œdipus Complex* to him and told him several cases from my own experience. He seemed to be greatly relieved and much happier. I also showed him the two fragments quoted above ("Come rack and pain . . ." and "Why do they live? . . ."). He had no recollection of having composed them, although in some way they seemed familiar to him.

Later, the student showed me a sentimental poem he had written on "The Candle" which was burning in his room one night when he could not sleep (I regret that this poem has been lost). He explained that he was "sometimes bursting to express" himself and "could

much more than the English word " shadows " which he substitutes for it.

The poet gave the following free associations from " *vaguies*."

Vaguies. "Shadows, the lane at home, trees, two of us walking along, talking—(pause)—that's about all I think."

He quarrelled with his sweetheart during a vacation and letters ceased. The following fragment was written soon after his return to College :

Man be love to me ;
Companionship hold me ;
Woman now mocks me ;
Take her away.

The student was now taking an active part in the College sports. He had seldom any inclination to write poetry. The poem beginning " Die, ah ! die—sweet rarity " now seemed to him " to be soft " ; it " bored " him.

After a few weeks, correspondence with his sweetheart was resumed. There was less enthusiasm however.

On seeing one of his College chums burning his love-letters and apparently depressed over the breaking off of his love affair, the poet wrote the following :

THE BURNING OF THINGS

Fulsome smoke and flame ye are well fed
As in greedy wantonness ye drink
The blood of life, lightly shed.

Friend, let me kiss thee,
And in my love, lose thou thine agonies.
Hurt me not with simple bravery,
But fill a kindred emptiness
With the right of common sympathy.

Fulsome smoke and flame, ye are well fed :
A heart of love feedest thee well.
It emptieth its veins once rich, once red,
Pours forth excess, burns hopes, fine dreams,
Starves memories and in their stead
Sees smoke and flame and hell.

Prostrate thyself, O Friend, in ghastly grief !
Welcome thy misery and mourn
Till bruised heart shall fail
Its beating. When, tired and forlorn
'Twill sleep. Then, rested, waken to hail
With smiles the advent of rhythm new.

Worn and winning heart, the dew
Of flowers, the tears of earth
And blood of friendship true
Have filled thee with the peace of love.

And so of joy and truth there comes a heaven's birth
While to dark passions, hot stinging things,
Thou biddest thy last adieu.

He showed this poem to his chum who had burned the letters, and asked what he thought of it. The poet told me he "nearly dropped" when he was asked what it was all about. The emotions which the poet had described were *his own* emotions, and evidently were not experienced at all by his friend.

When giving me some account of his early life, the poet told me that when a child he was greatly interested in fairy tales. I asked what were his favourite stories. "The stories about King Pippin and Queen Mab." "What were these stories about?" "About killing giants. I sometimes felt a little sorry for the giant." I asked if he saw the relation of that interest to the first dream he had told me (about killing his father). He did, now that I suggested it to him.

The main conclusions may be summarized as follows :

(1) This student's best poetry is a product of the Dream mind (the Unconscious). The poetry which he writes by conscious effort has not the true poetic quality, and conveys to the reader nothing which could not be equally well conveyed by prose.

(2) The presence of a "complex" on the subject seems to be an important factor in the production of a poem, and in the appreciation of a poem.

(3) The poet does not always understand the meaning of his own poetry, although it has meaning.

I append several quotations which tend to show that much of the best poetry is produced in the same way.

1. Many poets of my acquaintance have corroborated what I have just said and also observed that on laying down their pens after the first excitement of composition they feel the same sort of surprise that man finds on waking from a "fugue," they discover that they have done a piece of work of which they never suspected they were capable; but at the same time they discover a number of surface defects which were invisible before.

ROBERT GRAVES, *On English Poetry*, p. 27.

2. THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

When at the first I took my Pen in hand,
Thus for to write; I did not understand
That I at all should make a little Book
In such a mode: Nay, I had undertook
To make another; which, when almost done,
Before I was aware, I this begun.
And thus it was: I writing of the Way
And Race of Saints in this our Gospel-day,
Fell suddenly into an Allegory
About their Journey, and the Way to Glory,
In more than twenty things, which I set down;
This done, I twenty more had in my crown,
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks which from the coal do fly.

Nay then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
 I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
 Should prove ad infinitum, and eat out
 The Book that I already am about.

JOHN BUNYAN, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

3. The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the restoration of the latter.

COLERIDGE, Note to the first edition of *Kubla Khan*.

4. O, how that *Name* inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken.

ROBERT BURNS, *First Epistle to Davie*.

5. The reason for your complaint lies, it seems to me, in the constraint which your intelligence imposes upon your imagination. I must here make an observation and illustrate it by an allegory. It does not seem beneficial, and it is harmful for the creative work of the mind, if the intelligence inspects too closely the ideas already pouring in, as it were, at the gates. Regarded by itself, an idea

may be very trifling and very adventurous, but it perhaps becomes important on account of one which follows it ; perhaps in a certain connection with others, which may seem equally absurd, it is capable of forming a very useful construction. The intelligence cannot judge all these things if it does not hold them steadily long enough to see them in connection with the others. In the case of a creative mind, however, the intelligence has withdrawn its watchers from the gates, the ideas rush in pell-mell, and it is only then that the great heap is looked over and critically examined.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER (letter of December 1, 1788),
quoted by Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 85.

When the writer published this article the idea that any great work could be produced by the Unconscious Mind had come as a surprise to him ; but on continuing the research he found that not only had a few good poems been produced in this way, but that it was apparently in this way that most great art was produced. More convincing statements than those quoted above could have been given from Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, Wordsworth, Nietzsche, Wagner, and Mozart, to mention a few names. Speaking of Schubert, Percy Scholes says :

“ It is even on record that a week or two after composing a song he would fail to recognize it as his own when it was put before him.”

Instances were found of solutions to problems coming in dreams (e.g. Howe's invention of the sewing machine), of important scientific generalizations appearing in consciousness as a kind of revelation (e.g. Robert Meyer's discovery of the Principle of the Con-

servation of Energy), and even such a solid thinker as the late W. H. R. Rivers said :

"Many of the ideas which I value most, as well as the language in which they are expressed, have come to me in this half sleeping, half waking state directly continuous with definite sleep."

It has always been realized, of course, that Wit is produced in this way. We are very sarcastic about the witty remark which "smells of the candle." Most of us have even made witty remarks and not realized how clever we had been until the audience laughed. Such witticisms are not due to accidental associations of words, but to unconscious associations. In the remarks :

"Hullo, Mr. Onion, you're in a pickle,"

or,

"Oh yes, I know Currie, he's hot stuff,"

we see the mechanism quite clearly.

In logical thinking we are concerned with the denotations of words. We must suppress all irrelevant associations. In Poetry and Wit we are concerned with the connotations of words. If we look up the dictionary definitions of "Bachelor" and "Husband" and confine our attention to these definitions we should say that the combination *Bachelor Husbands* was nonsense, but we all know why this title is chosen for a play. Milton's phrase "Blind mouths" is a classical example of the condensation found in Poetry.

We can, of course, concoct these condensations, but the best ones come to us without seeking. The Artist and the Wit catch them when they come, waken up and have a look at them as it were, and sort them out. Many of the witty remarks which come to us are left unsaid. Many we wish had been left unsaid.

A lady was giving her attention to pouring out tea for her guests and was trying to carry on conversation at the same time. "I remember I used to wear a hat like

that to make me look older," said one of the guests. "And now I suppose it's the other way round," said the hostess, and could have bitten her tongue out, as she said afterwards.

In the Unconscious, all the associations we have ever made to words are remembered. That is why, when we give it a chance, it produces such meaningful material.

"You're a frost, John," I said to my boy when he had promised to do something for me and didn't. "Why am I a frost," he asked, "because I've got a cold?" He was perfectly serious.

We grown-ups have suppressed such associations and we welcome them as old friends when we hear them again.

"Pa, it's raining."

"Well, let it rain."

"Yes, pa, I was going to,"

said another little fellow. He had not learned yet that the phrase, "Well, let it rain," in this connection, was only an expression of annoyance.

Here are some further examples of children's sayings.

1. "Aunt Mary likes flowers, but she doesn't like flames."

2. "Why is it called *marmalade*? Is there any *lead* in it?"

3. "This wool is all round my legs like *convolvulus*."

4. "Then mummie came in with rather a frog-smiling lady."

5. "Now that the boys know that I have got a watch, they look upon me as nothing but a tool for time."

The effectiveness of the alliteration in the last remark is not accidental. The metaphor had been suggested partly because "tool" and "time" were already associated in the boy's mind, just as "flowers" and "flames" were associated in the first example. For the young

child there is no association between "gentle" and "Jesus" except the alliteration. Later knowledge forms other links between the two words, so that the adjective is doubly appropriate. This is why alliteration appeals to us. Whenever we are emotionally disturbed, our powers of inhibition are weakened, our Unconscious gets more rein, and the words flow from us, grouping themselves not only by their logical meanings, but by their connotations, and by the clang associations which related them in our infancy. *Prose with emotion behind it, tends to become Poetry.*

Freud's view of the mind helps us also to understand the appreciation of music. Let us take a simple example first :

A little boy of six, whom the writer knows very well, shows many signs of a strong Oedipus Complex. He is the elder of two boys, and had a monopoly of his mother until he was three years old. The mother tries to be fair with the children, but she prefers the younger. If she kisses the younger good night, and pats his cheek, and only kisses the elder, he draws her attention to the fact. He can at least claim equality. One day some records were being played on the gramophone. He displayed little interest until the song *Long, Long Ago* was put on. He thought this song the most beautiful he had ever heard. He wanted to hear it again and again. He referred to it for months afterwards. I had not the opportunity of finding out what it "meant" to him, but I have little doubt from other analyses I have carried out that the plaintive melody and the words of the refrain had stirred up unconscious memories of the days when he lay in his mother's arms and lived in heaven.

With music as with words, the meaning is essentially personal. Music appeals either to our past experience or to our instinctive tendencies. The sexual appeal of much of our modern dance music needs no comment.

Good music not infrequently makes the same appeal in subtler ways. The magnificently self-assertive and independent trombones blasting out the Siegfried Motive in the "Valkyrie," please many of us who are normal peace-loving citizens. Such themes are to us what the boxing hero is to the schoolboy. Themes which suggest the infant's cry take many of us besides my little friend of six back to dear far-off days.

It would not be difficult, in fact, to write a symphony which would interest the cats in the Zoo. We could have one motive consisting of a succession of high notes on a Galton whistle. (Galton has already tried this successfully, and we succeed very well with "Chee, chee, chee," i.e. the highest note we can produce with the mouth.) The cat has an innate tendency to pay attention to noises like the squeak of a mouse. The love-making call would be another successful theme. The mother cat's call to the kittens would be a third. The fighting howls would be a fourth. The point need not be laboured.

There is, of course, an objective aspect for the technician. A pianist or composer is interested in the tricks of other pianists or composers. But knowledge of musical technique will no more enable one to produce or to appreciate good music, than knowledge of grammar will enable one to write or to appreciate good English.

Unsophisticated listeners must have a bold appeal made to their emotions. The sophisticated prefer the delicate touch. It is the difference again between *Her One False Step* and *The Lady of Shalott*.

When we turn to the appreciation of architecture we find the same Unconscious Mental Processes at work.

Referring to Liverpool Cathedral, Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect, says :

"The really fundamental qualities of architecture are common to all styles ; but it does seem to me that certain effects on the mind are more readily produced by one style

than by another. One may take it broadly that in Gothic the verticals dominate the horizontals, while in Classic the reverse is the case.

"Now for some reason verticality of expression seems more suggestive of the high aspirations that one associates with religion, and it seems to me easier to get the religious feeling in Gothic than in strong horizontals. At the same time I think that in most Gothic cathedrals the emphasis of the verticals is unduly stressed, and a great deal of calm and serenity is sacrificed, and a feeling of restlessness imparted to the building.

"It comes to a question of balance like everything in Nature, and at Liverpool I have endeavoured to combine the uplifting character imparted by vertical expression with the restful calm given by the judicious use of horizontals.

"I do not feel that any artist can claim to be above his fellow-men in feelings, but only in powers of expressing them. There is a common chord in all men that can be touched, and artists acquire the technique of their art in order to express by its means what others are capable of feeling but cannot express."

Charles Darwin's grandfather recognized another factor in the appreciation of line :

"When the babe, soon after it is born into this cold world, is applied to its mother's bosom, its sense of perceiving warmth is first agreeably affected ; next its sense of smell is delighted with the odour of her milk ; then its taste is gratified by the flavour of it ; afterwards the appetites of hunger and thirst afford pleasure by the possession of their object, and by the subsequent digestion of the aliment ; and last, the sense of touch is delighted by the softness and smoothness of the milky fountain, the source of such variety of happiness.

"All these various kinds of pleasure at length become associated with the form of the mother's breast, which the infant embraces with its hands, presses with its lips, and watches with its eyes ; and thus acquires more accurate ideas of the form of its mother's bosom than of the odour,

flavour, and warmth which it perceives by its other senses. And hence at our maturer years, when any object of vision is presented to us which by its wavy or spiral lines bears any similitude to the form of the female bosom, whether it be found in a landscape with soft gradations of rising and descending surface, or in the forms of some antique vases, or in other works of the pencil or the chisel, we feel a general glow of delight which seems to influence all our senses; and if the object be not too large we experience an attraction to embrace it with our lips as we did in our early infancy the bosom of our mother."—E. DARWIN, *Zoonomia*, 1800, vol. I, p. 174. Quoted by Havlock Ellis, *Sexual Selection in Man*, p. 171.

Whether the infant's appreciation of his mother's bosom is acquired because of these early satisfactions of the senses, or whether the appreciation is to a greater extent innate, does not affect the fact that the infant does love his mother's breast in this intense way. Psycho-analysis has proved that the high emotional tone attached to this interest spreads over objects of a similar shape, in the way Erasmus Darwin describes.

The dramatic ending of Somerset Maugham's short story *Rain*, is first hinted at by a reference to a dream of the domed mountains of Nebraska, and the general relationship between Art and Instinct is strikingly shown in Thomas Hardy's *The Well-Beloved*.

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL SURVEY

WE shall now attempt a general survey of the whole problem. Man, like any living thing, can only be understood by reference to his environment. In the course of Evolution the cells of his body have rearranged themselves to meet all difficulties which were persistently encountered. Every sense organ, every arrangement of muscle and nerve, every gland function, are adaptations to meet external things which played an important part in the life of his ancestors.

In order to meet danger the body developed an automatic arrangement for mobilizing its forces (see p. 23). It also developed the power of Visual Imagery so that it would have a photographic record as it were, of all important past experiences. If a man once saw a comrade killed by a lion, an image of the scene would be preserved for him, a growl or a footprint would be sufficient to bring the image to consciousness, and the situation could be reacted to before it occurred in reality.

This function of Visual Imagery was much in evidence during the War. The images of dangerous situations, and the natural reactions to these had to be inhibited, however, and the result was that they could only achieve expression in sleep or sickness. Soldiers suffering from "War Shock" fought their battles o'er again. It was as if man's countless ancestors said: "Remember the situation, it will be useful to you in future," while the

man himself said : " Forget about it ; it will only worry you to no purpose." In health the man won. In sickness his ancestors won.

Dr. Rivers' first study of Dreams was of dreams of this type. That is why he could not accept Freud's Wish-fulfilment theory. Battle Dreams form an exception to Freud's first hypothesis, an exception which Freud has admitted.

Similar dreams are fairly common with young children. When one of my boys was two years old, he was bitten by a dog. He dreamed several times about being bitten, first by a dog, then by a tiger (after he had been playing at tigers at a friend's house), then by several other animals and things which had been connected with " biting." These dreams all caused fear. Nearly two years later I was explaining the scratch reflex to him, and as an illustration spoke of a gnat biting him while he was asleep. I soon realized from the questioning which followed that I had touched the old " biting " complex. A few nights later he had a dream about being bitten by *germs*. I should have been unable to connect these dreams without my written notes.

Visual Imagery has another function, however. It provides us with mental pictures of our wishes. The craving for food, for example, automatically brings to consciousness an image of where the craving was gratified on some previous occasion, and the man proceeds to alter his environment to make that picture reality. When, for any reason, action is not taken, the visual picture provides some small compensation. Thus the Arctic Explorers boasted to one another of their splendid dreams of well-spread tables.

When our wishes are opposed to our ideals, we refuse to pay attention to the visual images which tend to be pushed into consciousness. When we are physically fit and mentally alert we can repress these images to such

an extent that we are hardly aware of them, just as we can control our instinctive reactions to all kinds of petty annoyances. But digestive disturbances, fatigue, alcohol, sleep or other factors weaken our conscious control, we have less power of inhibition, and reactions take place and images appear which had previously been successfully repressed. *Dreams therefore usually represent visual images of what we desire or fear, but do not want to admit that we desire or fear.*

If the reader will look again at my boy's fear dreams referred to above, he will realize how ideas gather round an important incident and form a complex ; how easily symbols are formed for objects or ideas which have a high emotional tone, and how far removed the symbols may be from the primary object.

If a young child has had a bad fright because he was left a few seconds in a burning motor-car, we should not be surprised if he shows unreasonable fear of flames for some time afterwards, even if he has forgotten all about the burning motor-car. There is undoubtedly such a thing as Unconscious Memory. But Unconscious Memory will not explain the child's fear of Death, unless we assume that Unconscious Memories are to some extent transmitted to successive generations. This assumption seemed to Samuel Butler to be the most economical scientific hypothesis on which to explain the facts of everyday life. The hypothesis may not be the most economical one to account for the facts with which Biologists are occupied at the present day, but it seems to the writer to be by far the most satisfactory for the present-day Psychologist and Educationalist.

All animals, even the lowest, seem to profit to some extent by experience. All animals reproduce by subdivision. The lowest divide into two equal parts ; the higher divide into two unequal parts. A new human being develops from one living cell split off from the

female, and fertilized by one living cell from the male. If an animal profits by experience, and then subdivides, is it unreasonable to suppose that the smaller portion contains a trace of the record which we know is left on the larger portion? If we cut a worm in two, each of the two halves grows into a complete worm. Which half profits by the previous experience? Surely both. The present writer has heard of no evidence which shakes the strong case Samuel Butler made out for this view in his *Life and Habit*.

Let us consider Butler's views: A man plays a sonata on the pianoforte, easily, and partly unconsciously. How can he do it? Because he has played it so often before. A man walks perfectly, and almost unconsciously, and learns to walk much more easily than he learns to play the piano. Why? Because he has not only practised in his own life, but has learned something about walking when he was a bit of his mother and father. This statement puzzles us at first. We willingly admit that the man of eighty is the same living creature as the infant of a day old from which the man developed. But is the day old infant not the same living creature as the eight months old foetus or the impregnated ovum from which the baby grew? And the impregnated ovum is a fusion of subdivisions of two other living creatures—the parents. If the impregnated ovum has learned how to grow delicate apparatuses for seeing and hearing for example, why could it not learn something about how to walk?

The better we know anything, the more unconscious is our knowledge. It is the parvenu who knows all about table etiquette, not the aristocrat. The proof that a man knows how to make a table is the table he makes, and not the explanation he gives about how it should be made.

As Butler says, it is a singular coincidence—

"I. That we are *most conscious of and have most control over*, such habits as speech, the upright position, the arts and sciences, which are acquisitions peculiar to the human race, always acquired after birth, and not common to ourselves and any ancestor who had not become entirely human.

"II. That we are *less conscious of, and have less control over*, eating and drinking, swallowing, breathing, seeing and hearing, which were acquisitions of our prehuman ancestry, and for which we had provided ourselves with all the necessary apparatus before we saw light, but which are still, geologically speaking, recent, or comparatively recent.

"III. That we are *most unconscious of, and have least control over*, our digestion and circulation, which belonged even to our invertebrate ancestry, and which are habits, geologically speaking, of extreme antiquity."

"Does it not seem as though the older and more confirmed the habit, the more unquestioning the act of volition, till, in the case of the oldest habits, the practice of succeeding existences has so formulated the procedure, that, on being once committed to such and such a line beyond a certain point, the subsequent course is so clear as to be open to no further doubt, to admit of no alternative, till the very power of questioning is gone, and even the consciousness of volition ?"

On Butler's not unreasonable assumption the whole puzzle of Reflex Action, Instinctive Action, Voluntary Action, Free Will and Determinism is simplified.

We have not Free Will to behave as we like. We have some Free Will, but we have our ancestors' wills to reckon with, and if we do not wish to be overwhelmed, we shall treat their views with respect. To keep to the beaten track which our ancestors found to be best (i.e. to behave instinctively) is easy. To leave it is extremely difficult. And parents and teachers who try to steer children out of it without knowing something of the forces they are trying to steer, often bring disaster on those under their charge.

If a husband has a strong personality, and is somewhat

intolerant of interference by others, it is likely that one or more of the children will show the same characteristic. We have then two or more good leaders of men in the same house. The result is friction. The bigger one can thrash or otherwise punish the smaller one until he hesitates to live naturally while the bigger one is near, but not infrequently the little one if he has real grit in him will continue to growl defiance even when he is thrashed black and blue. In any case, he will have his revenge later, either on the bigger one, or on someone else when he gets the chance. But what is to be done to make the little fellow fit for adult company? Simply let him grow and learn. If the father is not only a person of initiative but something of a bully, he will help best by keeping out of the way whenever he cannot control his temper, because he is not only a part of the environment to which the child has to learn to adjust himself, but the model for the child to copy. The wise teacher does not set out to master a difficult boy by suppressing him. He makes him a monitor. And the new monitor, proud of his promotion, learns by example to do his work with consideration for those under him. He has an outlet for his initiative, and feels the better for it, as one feels the better when any reflex action or instinctive tendency has a natural outlet.

A greater practical difficulty is when the mother of a strong-willed child has been herself brought up under strict discipline, because the idea has grown with her either that she is a martyr to bullying, or that she has been bullied before without being conquered, and any self-assertion on the part of the child tends to make her either relapse into martyrdom or welcome another fight for mastery. The difficulty some parents have in dealing with their children is not that they have not studied books on Psychology or Education, but that they know nothing about themselves. What does the bully

say if you tell him he is a bully ? That he will break your neck if you repeat such libels about him. What does the martyr do if you tell her she enjoys being a martyr ? She sulks about it. Martyrdom again.

This is why psycho-analysts so frequently state that only those who have been psycho-analysed have any right to discuss psycho-analytic findings. There is much truth in this view ; but a complete psycho-analysis is so expensive, and causes such an emotional upheaval, that normal people will not readily undertake it unless for special reasons. On the other hand, psycho-analysts are only human. They have made mistakes and will probably make many more. They develop complexes like other human beings, and they can only expect us to accept such of their findings as we can verify ourselves. Parents and teachers should never allow any theories of education to overrule their common sense. It is because psycho-analysts have told us so much that we feel to be true, but which other authorities have told us to be false, that we are grateful for the contributions from the new science.

When our children tire us out, and warp our better judgment, we have Solomon's warning about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, and we welcome the excuse to exercise our vindictiveness on the little ones. We never stop to consider what a mess Solomon made of bringing up his own family, as Bernard Shaw pointed out. Self-analysis helps us to understand our various weaknesses, and knowing them we can compensate for them to some extent, and be more tolerant of the weaknesses of others. That is the great contribution which Freud has made to education. Freud has shown that the potentialities of the child are infinitely greater than we had imagined. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven. That we need only provide a true Christian environment for them, be honest with them, be tolerant of their weaknesses, let them

grow, and they will grow as we are, but nobler, stronger, more capable and more stable. They are imitative animals. As you treat them, they will treat others. They are gregarious animals. They love the approval of the herd. The herd whose approval they want to win is the herd they are first introduced to. They will seek that herd outside when they leave the home.

Education is mental development. Knowledge that is conscious knowledge is of minor importance. The test of a man's education is what he is, not what he knows. "Education is what remains when we have forgotten all we have ever learned."

The only good doctor is the doctor who loves his work. The doctor who qualified to please his mother or to gain social status never merits the same confidence. The former may neglect his patients in order to please his wife; the latter may operate in a hurry in order to get the limelight by attending uselessly at a fashionable sick-bed. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Lord Kelvin developed into a great scientist. His education required great self-sacrifice on the part of his father, and the very unusual opportunities which his father was able to provide for him. The Scotch engineer referred to on p. 46 had none of these advantages. His father died when the boy was very young, and his mother could give little time to attend to him. But she allowed him to play at the pit head close to his home, and the boy developed such a love for machinery, that he repeatedly ran away from school to sit with the engineman. On one occasion, when the scholars sent to fetch him returned with bleeding noses, the master himself came, but the boy was lowered into the pit by the sympathetic workmen. Since ever the boy could remember, he wanted to be an engineer.

The education of these two children would be considered widely different. The psycho-analyst would

say that in the essentials, the children were similarly educated. In each case the child's instinctive interests were steered into socially useful channels. The children became useful citizens and happy men.

How far Freud's discoveries will influence home training is a matter for the parents to decide in each home. The schoolmaster is in a more difficult position. One bold spirit put his views into practice in a small village school in Scotland, and recounted some of his experiences in *The Dominie's Log*. He soon wrote a sequel entitled *The Dominie Dismissed*. In most schools, however, a capable teacher is allowed a good deal of latitude with his class, and while regulations are still so rigid that one cannot advise a teacher how to make use of the new knowledge which Freud has given us, it is the personality of the teacher which matters. If Freud's discoveries do not change *him* they will not improve his teaching. When he compares his own grammatically correct, but colourless speech and writing with the forceful and beautiful expressions of unspoiled children, he will think less of complete sentences, inverted commas and his blue pencil. When he appreciates the logic of the child mind, he will no longer wax sarcastic at the child's equivalent of "Blind mouths." When he realizes what liars we all are, he will not think it his duty to thrash children for lying. When he knows what the Dream Mind can produce, he will turn a blind eye to one or two happy dreamers, while he explains for the tenth time, what half the class understood the first time. He will realize, in short, the truth of Christianity.

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